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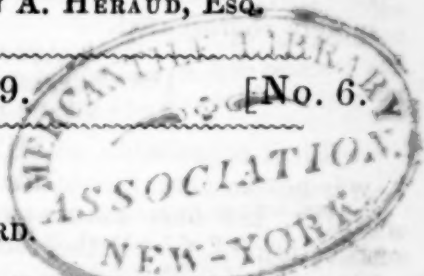
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MILTON.

PART THE THIRD.



It is observable that whenever God the Father, and the Son, are mentioned in Milton's two poems of *Paradise*, the language of the Scriptures is as much as possible adopted. It is questionable, however, if the first person in the blessed Trinity be not too frequently, as well as familiarly, introduced; and whether the sentiments attributed to God the Father, connected as they necessarily are with the main subject of the poem, are not inappropriate to his character. They would have proceeded with less impropriety from the Son, who is also emphatically the Word of God. This would have occasioned a different disposition of many parts of the poem, but would have precluded those familiar colloquies which have been, in our opinion, justly censured, as giving a degraded view of the "secret counsels" of heaven. It would have been better to describe the Father as being invisible and inaudible to angels, and present alone in the Son, in whom only

"The Father shone  
Substantially expressed."

and through whom only the decrees of Omnipotence should be promulged. The course adopted makes the Father his own Word.

This is the more observable, as the chief argument in Milton's "Christian Doctrine" is the essential distinction between the persons of the Father and the Son, whence he would infer the inferiority of the Messiah as of a Son to a Father. "God," also says Milton, "as he cannot be seen, so neither can be heard"—"He dwells in the light which no one can approach unto, whom no one hath seen nor can see."—"Ye have neither heard his voice at any time, nor seen his shape." But it is doubtful if he considered the Father as essentially invisible and inaudible, but to men only. At any rate, in the *Paradise Lost*, he describes the angels as both beholding and hearing him—

"About him all the sanctities of heaven  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
Beatitude past utterance."—*Book iii.* 60—63.

Also the Father personally addresses to them that question, at which

" All the heavenly quire stood mute,  
And silence was in heaven."—*Book iii.* 217—218.

This essential invisibility of the Paternal Godhead makes the first person of the Trinity an improper subject for painting. That of the Dove is the only shape in which the Holy Spirit may be legitimately represented.

" And with mighty wings outspread  
Dove-like, satst brooding o'er the vast abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant."—*Book i.* 20—23

But it is probable, as Milton asserts, that "the likeness of a Dove was not an actual embodiment of the essential presence of the Holy Spirit, but only as a symbol and representation of the ineffable affection of the Father for the Son, communicated by the Holy Spirit under the image of a Dove, and accompanied by a voice from heaven declaratory of that affection." Mr. Martin, in his engraving of the Creation of Light, has, in imitation of Raffael, been bold enough to invest the Holy Spirit with human limbs, in the act of moving over Chaos. As with the fiat of his right hand he commands the sun into being, his left hand *begets* the moon; and the stars are kindled by the inconceivable speed of his progress. The conception is grand and the execution splendid. The principal figure is borrowed, but the excellent disposition of the light and shade, from which it derives so much of its effect, is original. There are many who, with Byron, will consider such an impersonation blasphemous. But Milton most assuredly, of all men, may be readily absolved from any such charge. Audacious his genius was, but pious; bold, but venerative. Whether the person of God be represented in a visible humanity, or his Name be audibly pronounced, the idea is equally embodied. It was a feeling of this which induced the Jew to stand in awe of that Being, and that incommunicable Name, before whom he trembled, and for which his reverence was so profound that he feared to articulate the tremendous word. It might inhabit the heart and mind in hidden sanctity, but to embody it in a sound was profanation. Yet, when celebrating the dispensations of Providence, their psalmists and prophets dared to pronounce it with emphatic repetition. So when a poet or painter, of sufficient powers, applies his genius to the illustration of sacred subjects, he is entitled to all the resources of his art, and to every aid, whether derivable from the imagination or the fancy. Genius is not to be restricted within ordinary limits; of itself it is no profane gift, but it is as holy as the mind of man, which, says a writer only less than inspired, is "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty."

The same feeling also has prevented a great poet of our own day from drinking at "Siloa's brook," rather than from the springs of the Arabian desert, or of the waters of the Ganges. Undoubtedly the human intellect, however sublime, should approach with hallowed awe the "invisible things of God;" but still we must not forget that these may be "understood in the things that are made."



Genius should not be presumptuous, but neither must it be deprived of its privileges. To mere talent we would forbid much,—but in the higher walks of art only inquire whether the production is one of transcendent genius, and make no rejoinder. For, from a work of genius, a critic must derive his rules of judgment; he has no laws by which he can limit its freedom. He was not originally the law-giver, but the poet—and so must every true poet continue to be.

“Pictoribus atque Poetis

Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

There is, however, no necessity for resorting to the scheme of the Humanitarians, in order to render the Deity interesting to Christians. He *has* manifested himself for us in a human shape, and invested with all those affections which ennoble him in our conceptions, and endear him to our feelings. This will give sufficient license to a poet to venture into the heavens and declare the attributes of Omnipotence. But he must remember that the being of the Father is only visible and audible in the person of the Son. Milton might have been taught this by reference to the 2nd psalm, in which the generation of the Messiah is declared. The decree, however, is reported by himself. It is but one person that speaks throughout, and he says “The Lord hath said unto *me*, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.” Milton proceeds differently—

“Thus when in orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood,

Orb within orb, the Father infinite,

By him in bliss embosomed sat the Son,

Amidst, as from the flaming mount whose top

Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

‘Hear all ye angels, progeny of light,

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,

Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.

This day have I begot, whom I declare

My only Son.”—*Book v.* 594—604.

On a sedulous perusal of “the Christian Doctrine,” it will be found to be the best Commentary on the “Paradise Lost” and “Regained;” but the disagreements between the poet’s principles and practice are many, and relate to the more disputable doctrines, on which it is clear his own opinion was much divided, and differed at different periods of his life, and we are inclined to believe subsequently to the composition of that extraordinary treatise.

Dr. Channing is in error when he thanks God for having “raised up this illustrious advocate of the long-observed doctrine of the Divine Unity.” Milton, on the contrary, is a determined theist. His system presents a Trinity without a Unity—three Gods, of whom one is supreme, and each substantially distinct from the others. But in “Paradise Lost,” we have, at any rate, a modification of this opinion—

“Beyond compare the Son of God was seen,  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone,  
Substantially expressed.”—*Book iii.* 138—140.

And is there not an intended indication of the same Divine mystery, when the "Filial Godhead" went forth "in the chariot of Paternal Deity," to repel his rebellious enemies?

The hero of "Paradise Lost" has been disputed; no doubt can exist as to the hero of the "Paradise Regained." A concise analysis of this "brief epic" may assist in forming a notion of Milton's ultimate belief as to the character of his Sacred hero. The prevailing opinion respecting the inferiority of this latter poem originates in an erroneous idea of the design and model proposed by himself for development and imitation. It is rather a dramatic than an epic poem—more of a dialogue than either. But it is a dramatic poem in the same sense in which the Book of Job is one. That the Book of Job was intentionally his model may be readily collected from parts of that sublime specimen of his prose composition, which commences the 2nd book of his Treatise, entitled, "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy"—in which "he thinks it no shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some years he might go on trust with him towards the payment of what he was then indebted;" namely, a work "of highest hope and hardest attempting—whether that epic form whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the Book of Job a brief model: or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art; and lastly what king or knight, before the conquest, might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a *Christian* hero." He also proposes, for his imitation, "those dramatic constitutions wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign." "The Scripture also," says he, "affords a Divine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges. And the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."\*

Milton certainly appears to have considered the Book of Job as an epic, but he could not have been blind to its dramatic excellence. He accordingly has blended, with much skill, the two forms of composition, but, as in the Book of Job, the dramatic spirit preponderates over the narrative. In imitation of that ancient poem, he commences his narrative in the Spiritual World—the consistory of Satan and the full frequency of angels before the throne of God. The *Æneid* commences in a similar way, with a soliloquy of Juno. Virgil, however, may be censured, for having first set his machinery to work, in order to explain the previous history—a proceeding very inartificial. This objection, however, does not obtain against these two poems—the subject of each is of a supernatural kind, and particularly the argument which celebrates the "glorious Eremite" led by the Spirit.

"Into the desert, his victorious field,  
Against the Spiritual foe, and brought out thence,  
By proof, the undoubted Son of God."—P. R. *Book i.* 9—11.

\* Reason of Church Government, vol. i. p. 72—73. Burnett's Ed.

The Divine and angelic agency is essentially necessary to the perfection of the design. In the *Æneid* it is only a mythological ornament, an allegorical embellishment. The *Iliad* opens with a spirit which, in our age, would be considered dramatic. The transition to the action is rapid, and we are introduced, in the midst of things, to the characters and circumstances at once. This transition, we doubt not, Milton considered peculiarly epic, and therefore adopted it in his larger poem; since both "*Comus*" and the "*Samson Agonistes*" open differently. It is according to the model upon which these two poems were formed, that he introduces the divine hero of the "*Paradise Regained*." At this point the action commences, and it is evidently conducted after the fashion of the Greek drama. Mr. Sumner remarks, that the soliloquy thus ascribed to our Saviour, is "founded on the supposition that Christ was not possessed of all the knowledge which his human nature was capable of receiving by virtue of the union of the two natures, and from the first moment of that union." He concludes, from what he feels, and hears, that he is "the Christ of whom the prophets spake." It would seem that Milton had formed a vague notion on this subject, but no decided opinion. The doubt, we think, might have been attributed to the Virgin, or, with still more propriety, to some of the disciples. It was impossible for his divine identity to have been so absorbed in his humanity, and yet he remain God.

That the doubt should be proposed, however, was necessary to the integrity of the poem, and the completion of the design; to the excellence of which a beginning, middle, and end are necessary. The object of the temptation is, that the Messiah may come out thence "*by proof the undoubted Son of God*," and the angelic choir hail him at the conclusion as the "*Son of the Most High, queller of Satan*." Had the poem begun with more certainty, the evidence would have been anticipated, and the action wanted parts. We feel anxious for the success of the Messiah's arguments and patience against the sophistry and artifice of the Tempter; and we rise from the work with a conviction, that though the conduct and issue of the dispute evinced his divinity, yet such evidence was effected by human means—means equally available to all men under similar trials. It teaches that patience is a power, and that man's reason is not in vain. It is also an evidence of his alliance with Deity; and that the proper exercise of these faculties best asserts his connexion with superior essences.

Let us consider a little how the object and design of the poet is effected, and developed in the progress of his poem. Satan is described as being solicitous to learn *in what sense* the divine hero might be called the Son of God, and with this purpose commences the temptation. Taking advantage of his forty days' fast, he invites him to a gorgeous feast spread, by infernal enchantment, in the desert. This temptation not succeeding, he offers him wealth as the means required for great enterprise, pretending to discover that his heart is set on high designs. Afterwards he endeavours to seduce him with glory. Then he transports the Messiah to the exceeding high mountain, whence he showed him all the kingdoms



of the world, and tempts him with the prospect and promise of dominion. The Saviour is then conveyed to the pinnacle of the temple. It is worthy of attention, as marking Milton's purpose in the conduct of his poem, that he places this temptation last; precedence is given to it by the Evangelist Matthew, though not by Luke. The locality preferred by the poet tends to dramatic effect in the denouement. Satan tries this last test to prove the divinity of the Saviour; he commands him to cast himself down

"Safely, if Son of God;  
For it is written, He will give command  
Concerning thee to his angels; in their hands  
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.  
To whom thus Jesus. Also it is written,  
*Tempt not the LORD THY GOD*: he said, and stood,  
But Satan smitten with amazement fell."—

P. R. Book iv. 565—562.

The proofs of his divinity have been gradually accumulating—here they rise to a grand climax. The moral of the poem is demonstrated, angels celebrate his victory, and the Saviour returns to his mother's house.

The reason of Milton's preference of "*Paradise Regained*," may perhaps be detected in the superior dignity of the action. The action of "*Paradise Lost*," though great, was founded on the fall of man; it involved a moral degradation; that of the "*Paradise Regained*" represents the conquest over temptation, it celebrates a moral victory. Perhaps, too, it had a more interesting claim on his affections. The consideration of the subject caused him to dwell further on the proofs of the Divinity of the Messiah, (which, however, he never disputed), and we think, that there is reason to believe from the evident design of the poem, tended in no small degree to revive his earlier sentiments, and restore his nobler conceptions, regarding the Eternal Being, who laid aside

"That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
Wherewith he wont at heaven's high council-table  
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity."

The partial and apparently temporary heterodoxy of Milton respecting the generation of the Son of God arises from two sources. Some confusion respecting the proper definitions of substance and essence, and an insufficient definition of eternity. He admits that Deity can only generate Deity, as man can only beget man; and we should therefore, have supposed that he could have had no peculiar difficulty in arriving at the conclusion, that the Son of God must be equally God, even as the Son of Man must be equally man, inferior neither in substance nor essence;—however these words may be understood. Eternity he defines as having no beginning nor end—but omits that it is without succession. This leads him to confound infinite time with eternity in many of his speculations. For it must be borne in mind, that Milton cannot be quoted as any authority for our modern Unitarians, though Dr. Channing

would assume as much. "He by whom all things were made," says the poet, "both in heaven and in earth, even the angels themselves, he who in the beginning was the Word, and God with God, and although not supreme, yet the first-born of every creature, must necessarily have existed previous to his incarnation." His great error is in supposing the generation to have taken place within the limits of time, although before the foundations of the world and the creation of angels;—that is, we should have thought, in eternity. If eternity be properly defined as duration without succession; then the Persons of the Trinity can neither be "before nor after the other." The truth, moreover, is, that the Messiah did not begin in time, but that in him time had its beginning. It is well said, that he was the Beginning as well as the Beginner of the creation of God, because he is the Cause as well as the Causer, Deity being free to will, and having no external motive to act. Not having mastered the full idea of eternity, our sublime poet reasoned not erroneously, but insufficiently on this important subject.

"Paradise Lost" has many examples of this deficient definition of the term.

"As yet the world was not, and Chaos wild  
Reigned where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests  
Upon her centre poised; when on a day  
(For time, though in eternity, applied  
To motion, measures all things durable  
By present, past and future) on such a day  
As heaven's great year brings forth, th' Emphyreal host  
Of angels by imperial summons called,  
Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne.  
Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appeared,  
Under their Hierarchs in order bright,  
Ten thousand, thousand ensigns high advanced;  
Standards, and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear,  
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve  
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees.—*Book v. 577—591.*

Upon this subject we would only further observe, that Milton precluded himself from a fine opportunity for improving his account of the declension of the angels, by the prominence given to the Paternal Deity.

"Thee Author of all Being,  
Fountain of light, thyself invisible,  
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st  
Throned inaccessible."—*Book iii. 374—377.*

Thus he describes the angels as introducing their sacred song, but, as we have before observed, neglects to apply the idea to any of the practical purposes of his poem. Had he represented the Deity as essentially invisible and inaudible to angels, and in imitation of the 2d Psalm ascribed to the Messiah the declaration of the divine decree, he might have made it the reason for the rebellion of the apostate angels, and illustrated that great principle of faith which is the "evidence of things not seen." They might have been represented as disbelieving the word of God, and Messiah's victory

exhibited as a testimony of its truth, and as, indeed, proving him to be

"Son, Heir and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign."

But this argument was reserved for the "great duel not of arms," when he undertook to sing in no unworthy numbers,

"Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
And Eden raised in the waste wilderness."

We are conscious that we have been treading on holy ground, and it behoved us to take our shoes from off our feet and walk softly. The poet himself led us behind the veil, and it was not in our election to be silent at the mysteries, but we trust that they have not been approached profanely.

Whatever may be thought of Milton's philosophy, as a system it is consistent; and as a poetical theory, it harmonises with the practice of poets in every age and country. If spirit include matter, then is the latter but a symbol of the superior substance, and nature in all her forms and varieties is an express type and image of the invisible mind. It is in this light that all poets (and Spenser in particular\*), have considered the subject; they have not hesitated to incorporate the things eternal in the things temporal, and of detecting in the material world illustrations of the moral. Poetry breathes a quickening principle into nature, and imparts to it a living spirit; and having purified it of whatever is grossly corporeal makes of it a glorious body, in which whatever is moral or sacred may be suitably enshrined,

"And what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, *she* doth delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporeal forms,  
As may express them best; tho' what if earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein  
Each t'other like, more than on earth is thought."—

Book v. 571—576.

This may be erroneous in philosophy, but it is the source of much fine poetry, and gives large scope for the free exercise of the poet's fancy. Banish the 6th book of "Paradise Lost" to the perusal of nurses and children; and upon the same principle you must expunge nearly three-fourths of the whole work. Not only will the objection obtain whenever the angels are described as having bodies and armour, but it must extend to the burning marle of hell—to Pandemonium—to the mountains with which the rebel angels were crushed;—nay, all the beautiful similes by which the supernatural actors in the poem are assimilated to natural objects, must be denounced; for to what can pure spirit be likened? We must be prepared to part with the sea-beast, Leviathan, by whose side the Norway pilot moors under the lee—the sun in eclipse, shedding

\* "For of the soul the body form doth take;  
For soul is form, and doth the body make."—

Hymn in Honour of Beauty —1323.



disastrous twilight over half the nations—the moon whose orb through optic glass the Tuscan artist views—the tallest pine hewn on Norwegian hill—and innumerable others. We must also part with the graceful vicissitude of day and night in heaven—and the dark and dreary vales, regions dolorous, the frozen and fiery alps, rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs and dens of hell. Whatever relates to place and succession must be omitted from the poet's description of either; and in fact it would be difficult to propose any way in which he could describe them at all; for if the principle were strictly enforced, he could not assign to either any locality or include them within any temporal limits. Heaven could have had no mural wall—no breach to repair;—hell no triple gates for sin to open.

In the meanwhile, it should be remembered, that philosophy has failed to resolve the difficulties attending these important subjects. What then? Must the Poet forbear, until the Philosopher has made his way smooth and certain? But imagination has her conquests to make, as well as reason; and disdains to be bound down by the laws of a formal logic. It is free from the limits of the understanding, and claims a privilege of making discoveries in a sublimer region, and of giving shape to the formless and the void. How is this to be done but with such materials as are in her power? Words are the poet's materials, which are to him as colours to the painter; the former undertakes to represent to the intellectual vision, what the latter portrays to the bodily eye. A shape is indispensable to the intelligibility of the object; and we have no shapes, no images, but of the material and corporeal. The only difference between Milton and the philosophers, is, that under their theory of distinct substances, such ideas are expressed by means of allegory; and according to Milton's doctrine of their identity, such images would be visible symbols and living portions of what they represented.

The critics have judged of the battle of the angels, and the episode of Sin and Death upon different grounds; both ought to have been considered in the same manner. The allegory is broken, say they, when Death offers battle to Satan. But, in fact, this episode is not more allegorical than the other. They are both of the same character, and are portions of each other. Sin and Death must be considered equally real persons as the other actors, and all that relates to them as an essential portion of the action. For what is the subject? the origin of evil, and its introduction into this world. To illustrate this, he constructs a fable, which, divested of its poetical inversions, may be thus related.

Upon a day in eternity, the Almighty summoned the Angelic Hierarchies before his throne, and declared the generation of the Messiah, and anointed him King. But Satan, *of the first*, if not *the* first archangel, thence conceiving envy, rebels with the third part of heaven's host, whom he arrays for battle in the quarters of the North. Here pain surprises him, his eyes become dim, and his head throws forth flames, until, on the left side, Sin springs out of his head, "shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed."

The angels are won with her attractive graces; but Satan is

chiefly enamoured with her, and she conceives a son. Meanwhile war arises, fields are fought in heaven. Satan and his host are expelled from the celestial regions by the conquering omnipotence of Messiah. They are driven down into the midst of hell, situated in chaos, fortified with adamantine gates, of which the keys are intrusted to Sin, hell's porters. Here she is delivered of her ghastly son, whom she calls Death, according to the passage in the Epistle of James i. 25. "Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

Satan and his host were nine days falling from heaven to hell, and lay nine days upon the fiery gulf "confounded, though immortal." Meanwhile the Messiah, in order to repair heaven's loss, proceeds in the creation of this earth and of its inhabitants; in sovereignty over which he places man and woman.

There had been a prophecy in heaven respecting this creation, which is remembered by the vanquished angels, after they have recovered from the confusion of their fall. They consult; and it is finally determined, that Satan shall penetrate beyond the confines of the infernal region into the new created world, for the purpose of seducing the lords thereof to disobedience, and making them partakers of his eternal punishment, "which would be all his solace and revenge, as a despite done against the Most High."

He sets out upon this expedition, and arrives at the gates of Hell, where he is recognised by his daughter and their son. These conceive it to be to their interest to assist his enterprise. She betrays her trust, the infernal gates are thrown open, and cannot be shut again: he passes Chaos, and arrives at Eden.

After going through some adventures, he succeeds in his temptation, though both Adam and Eve have been warned of his coming, and its object. They fall, and in them all their posterity. But their redemption is provided for in the counsels of God, and undertaken by the Messiah. Sin and Death follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of man; and, for a more convenient passage between hell and earth, erect a massy bridge over Chaos. They proceed at once to their work of destruction. Adam and Eve are, in consequence of their fall, expelled from Paradise.

Thus far Satan's object is accomplished, and the world is subjected to the dominion of Sin and Death. The Almighty, however, foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; which prophecy is communicated to Adam previous to his expulsion, with the order of Providence in the government of the world, until this consummation shall arrive.

The action of the poem commences in eternity: the duration of the action.

" Measures this transient world, the race of time,  
Till time stand fixed: beyond is all abyss:  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach."

*Book xii. 554—556.*

The moral of the poem is given by the poet himself, in the conclusion of the same passage, in which Adam proceeds to say:—

" Greatly instructed, I shall hence depart,  
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;  
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
 And love with fear the only God, to walk  
 As in his presence, ever to observe  
 His providence, and on him sole depend.  
 Merciful over all his works, with good  
 Still overcoming evil, and by small  
 Accomplishing great things ; by things deemed weak  
 Subverting worldly strong ; and worldly wise  
 By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory ;  
 And, to the faithful, Death the Gate of Life ;  
 Taught this by his example, whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

*Book xii. 556—573.*

To which the angel rejoins,

" Thou hast attained the sum of wisdom ;"  
 " ———only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith ;  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,  
 By name to come called charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth  
 To leave this paradise, but shalt possess  
 A paradise within thee, happier far."

*Book xii. 575—587.*

Now this outline, which, even at this time of day, the reader will think we are justified in sketching, plainly demonstrates, whatever the critic may suppose, that it was never the Poet's intention that one part of it should be more allegorical than another. The whole is an animated symbol of events, passing "beyond the flaming bounds of space and time," as also of every occurrence that may be included within their extreme limits. The events of the first class are exhibited under the relation of cause and effect, and in succession ; and actors purely spiritual, under the conditions of beings partly spiritual, and partly corporeal ; because the former are essentially invisible to us : and in poetry, it is as necessary to make them visible to the intellectual, as in painting to the natural eye ; which can only be done by assimilating them to the objects of sense, by means of images derived therefrom. It is in the association of these images, that the poet's fancy is exerted, and the reader's excited, and without the intervention of these, the poet's imagination would only produce ideas without form, and beings without shape. He could not have distinguished either hell or heaven from chaos. He must have presented each of them as a "void and formless infinite," and equally unimaginable with

" The secrets of that hoary deep, and dark,  
 Illimitable ocean without bound,  
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height  
 And time and place are lost."

*Book i. 891—894.*



Milton, perceiving that it was necessary to call in the aid of his fancy, availed himself of his poetical privilege, and removed all limits from its exercise. Fortunately there was nothing in his philosophical creed to restrain his poetical ambition. His imagination fearlessly presumed "*an earthly guest, to draw empyreal air*"—and as fearlessly ventured down the dark descent. Heaven hid nothing from his view, nor the deep tract of hell.

Yet it was not the tendency of his mind thus to incorporate the spiritual invisible phenomena, and we are persuaded that nothing but the necessity of the subject would have induced him to resort to this expedient. This the platonic character of his political and religious writings justifies us in asserting. But having convinced himself of the propriety of this mode of proceeding, he abandoned his imagination without reserve, to all its requisitions, and took advantage of all the exemptions which might be demanded from the ordinary rules of logic and philosophy. Yet with what delight he benefits by every opportunity to manifest the predisposition of his genius, as exhibited in "*Comus*," and afterwards in "*Paradise Regained*," and, in truth, also evidenced by his choice of subject for this his great epic, though found impracticable in its execution. Frequently he exerts his imagination alone, and is fond of presenting his creation indistinct and unrealised. Such are the beings with whom Satan meets in chaos—Powers and Spirits that reside in noise—ancient Night enthroned with Chaos—with Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name of Demogorgon standing by—

"Rumour next and chance,  
And tumult and confusion all embroiled,  
And discord with a thousand various mouths."

*Book ii. 965—968.*

So also in *Lycidas*, in a passage intended to convey the impression of reality, he nevertheless consents to refine his objects into the substance of a fable and a vision. But to his mind these were realities, and he communicates the same feeling to the reader's.

"Or whether thou to our moist vows denied  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
And the great vision of the guarded mount."

But these are exceptions in the execution of his great work; his principal aim was to embody and realise. Wherever he describes his angels as purely spiritual, and attributes to them the acts of incorporeal beings, these instances must be looked upon only as indications of his desire as to the manner of its execution, had it been possible—Indeed, it may be doubted, after all the disputes upon this subject, whether he has not maintained the incorporeality of his spiritual beings, throughout the Poem. For he describes them not as necessarily having a body, but as adopting any form that might best suit their occasions.

"All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,  
All intellect, all sense, and as they please,  
They limb themselves, and colour, shape and size,  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare."

*Book vi. 350—353.*

There is also, we think, a deeper reason for adopting a course so clean contrary to the natural disposition of his genius, which we shall subsequently notice.

Addison observed, that to construct such a poem in the English language was like building a palace of brick. Any other language would equally have fallen short of its transcendent sublimity, and in this remark that elegant writer improperly underrated his own. All language is unequal to such high argument, and those readers only are capable of appreciating the poet's excellence in whose minds his images awaken the "thoughts that wander through eternity," and which, partaking of its nature, are, like it, ineffable. They only are capable of appreciating the poet's excellence, who can conceive of the poem as existing in the poet's mind, before it was reduced to expression, and condensed in numbers, "when," to quote from Dryden, "the fancy was yet in its first work moving the sleeping images of things towards the light, there to be distinguished, and then either chosen or rejected by the judgement."

It is not in the picturesque and the harmonious—(and who is superior to him in these excellences?)—that Milton is chiefly laudable, but in the ideality of his conceptions. In this he is incomparable. The fancy of Shakspeare was more active to invent, more fertile in expedients to embody—but the imagination of Milton was vigorous to shape, and expansive to create.

Yet what an extensive range, though of a different class, had the fancy of Milton for a dominion—over what a wide field of experience, though different in kind, like the "flower-shaped Psyche," had she liberty to wander; and with what exquisite judgment were her selections made from the choice treasures that had been subdued to her demands, and from which, like the "chemic bee," she extracted the "honey-dew!" With what magical effect are his pictures painted! Who has ever read the following passage without transport?

"Then straight commands that at the warlike sound  
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared  
His mighty standard; that proud honour claimed  
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall:  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign, which full high advanced  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind;  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed  
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
At which the universal host up-sent  
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air  
With orient colours waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,  
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old  
 Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved  
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
 Not wanting power to mitigate and suage,  
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase  
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
 From mortal or immortal minds."—*Book ii.* 531—559.

The diversions of the fallen angels are conceived in the same spirit, and executed with equal beauty and harmony. The descriptions of the angels surrounding the Almighty's throne, and the night-watches of the cherubic guards about Eden, before whom Satan was brought to Gabriel by Ithuriel and Zephon, would exhaust every term of praise to declare their merits. The horrid fray then prevented by the hanging forth of "the golden scales, wherein all things created first, God weighed," is an instance indicative of Milton's partiality to the symbolical form of composition.

In this style of writing, the primary object of the poet is nothing more than what appears to be the obvious purpose of the poem; but, besides this, he intends to shadow forth a mysterious meaning of which that was but, as it were, "the hiding," and which may be found by them who seek. To point out all the symbolical applications of which our poet's description of the war in Heaven is susceptible, would lead us into too wide a field of speculation both theological and metaphysical. But thus much may be said, as hints to assist the reader in his future perusal of this magnificent book, and in which, notwithstanding the way it has been spoken of, the sublimity of the poet's genius is more apparent than in any other part of the work. He will easily be able to fill up the outline for himself.

There was an opinion, among the early Christians, that whatever was done on earth was previously rehearsed in heaven; an opinion which receives much support in the visions of the ancient prophets and the great vision of the apocalypse. The Battle of the Angels is capable of being considered in this way. Though differing in the letter, in the spirit it agrees with the earthly part of the subject of "Paradise Lost." In both cases, "by the law came the knowledge of sin." "New laws," says the displeased Archangel—

"New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise  
 In us who serve."—*Book v.* 680—681.

Disobedience of the Divine will is followed by falsehood—he lies unto his fellows, and with calumnious art of counterfeited truth excites them to revolt and rebellion. In particular he urges their equal freedom, and the injustice of introducing law and edict on them who without law erred not. But Abdiel asserts in reply the supreme sovereignty of God, and His providence of the good and dignity of his creatures—he contends for the superiority of the Messiah, by whom, as by his Word, the Almighty Father made all things; but argues that the spirits of heaven are rendered more illustrious by his reign, since, by being made their head, he is



reduced to become one of their number, his laws their laws, all honour to him done, returns their own. In answer to this, Satan disputes the fact of their creation, and arrogates an independent self-existence.

“ Self-begot, self-raised  
By their own quickening power when fatal course  
Had circled his full orb; the birth mature  
Of that their native heaven, ethereal sons.—*Book v.* 860—863.

In the conflict which ensues, the poet is careful to contrast strength with reason; brute force with truth; though what it is that is analogous to brute force, in spiritual beings, he leaves undetermined. Under a variety of images, he describes the contest of truth with falsehood, reason with strength, until the power of God is opposed to the power of Satan, and prevails. In all this, there is a mythical signification which is worth unfolding.

Another circumstance, on which the poet lays some stress, and the critics have founded much censure, is capable of explication by this method of symbolical interpretation. None of the warriors on either side were capable of death by wound, but on one side none were capable of wound or even of pain. The former were hurt by their armour, “crushed in upon their substance, *now grown gross by sinning.*” Of this disadvantage the rebel angels were not aware until this hour of trial. “Then Satan first knew pain.” The moral to be derived from this is too obvious to need comment. But it is noticeable that Milton is not satisfied with suggesting these obvious deductions, but attributes (on the part of the rebel host) fleshly conditions to angelic essences. The poet is not only careful to tell us, that “the ethereal substance” of Satan, not long divisible, soon closed; but is equally solicitous to state, that

“ The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Passed through him.”—*Book vi.* 329, 330.

which term “discontinuous wound,” remarks one of his commentators, is said in allusion to the old definition of a wound, that it separates the continuity of the parts, “*vulnus est solutio continui.*” The wound given is therefore of a fleshly character; immediately afterwards, however, the poet recurs to his favorite notion regarding spirits—

“ Yet soon he healed; for spirits that live throughout  
Vital in every part, not as frail man  
In entrail, heart or head, liver or reins,  
Cannot but by annihilating die,  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the flord air.”—*Book vi.* 344—349.

Is the poet inconsistent in all this? We must not too hastily rest satisfied with this conclusion. Did he not rather intend symbolically to suggest that conflict between the flesh and the spirit, of which the Apostle Paul complains in the vii<sup>th</sup> and viii<sup>th</sup> chapters of his Epistle to the Romans; on the whole of which epistle indeed, had not Milton committed the error before censured, in attributing to the Father the part which should have been performed by the Son, he might have made his narration an excellent commentary.

It would also be a matter deserving of inquiry, what is meant by the Armour of the Angels, for it is an inconvenience to both parties. Of the bad angels it is said—

“ Their armour helped their harm ; crushed in and bruised,  
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.”—*Book vi.* 656—661.

But it is likewise said of the good angels, when attacked by the satanic artillery, that

“ Angel on archangel rolled,  
The sooner for their arms, unarmed they might  
Have easily as spirits evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
Foul dissipation followed and forced rout.”—*Book vi.* 594—598.

This may, perhaps, receive some light by reference to a remarkable expression, in the address of Michael to Satan, previous to the combat between them—

“ How hast thou disturbed  
Heaven’s blessed peace, and *into nature* brought  
Misery uncreated till the time  
Of thy rebellion?”—*Book vi.* 266—269.

These hints may shew that the objections taken to this book, if valid at all, have not gone deep enough into the principle of its construction, and offer a wide field of enquiry and criticism, which, as we cannot adequately enter into, we must content ourselves with intimating the existence of, and with a few superficial remarks by way of explanation.

The term *nature*, in this place, is evidently not of accidental introduction. Abdiel had before said ;

“ Unjustly thou depriv’st it with the name  
Of servitude to serve whom *God* ordains,  
Or *nature*, *God and nature* bid the same,  
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
Them whom he governs.”—*Book vi.* 174—178.

And in the fifth book ;

“ Thyself tho’ great and glorious dost thou count,  
Or all *angelic nature* joined in one,  
Equal to his begotten Son ?”—*Book vi.* 833—835.

Nature and spirit are antitheses the one of the other. Milton introduces nature into a spiritual region. All the critics have noticed the introduction of material armour ; but this finer part of the question has escaped their notice, or exceeded their capacity. It is necessary only to remind our readers of the scriptural distinction between nature and grace ; and it would not be expedient to involve them in any theological discussion ; but it must be observed that the key to a right understanding of all theology lies in the perfect mastering of the signification of the term *nature*, as opposed to spirit, and particularly as distinguished from Deity. We will not pretend to fix the precise meaning intended by Milton, but it is

idle to suppose that a mind like his was capable of introducing so much apparent confusion into his subject, from misunderstanding and mistake, and not rather as a veil for some profound truth which may be discovered upon its removal. He describes the angels as revolting against the imposition of a law upon spirit as inconsistent with the freedom which before this time they had enjoyed. But, says a scriptural authority, "the law itself is spiritual," and "the commandment was ordained to life." "Sin," however, "taking occasion by the commandment, worked death in them by that which is good." We prefer to quote from the Apostle as Milton's expositor on this occasion. The doctrine that Milton would enforce, under colour of his symbolical and picturesque representations, is the carnal opposition to the spiritual law. This was the reason why he introduced nature into the abodes of the blessed spirits. Observe how cautiously he proceeds. First he approaches the daring introduction with tender delicacy. He describes it under the vague abstraction of "*Angelic Nature*." Next we have *God and Nature* put in opposition and reconciled. Then Michael boldly assumes the position, and speaks of it as acknowledged and unquestionable,

———" And into nature brought  
Misery."

Thus, having prepared the way, the material armour is exposed upon the stage without reserve or scruple. In all this there is too much art for the poet to have signified nothing by it, and none of the inconsistency with which he has been too hastily charged. Milton does not thus throw away his skill, neither is liable to these errors. It was through not observing such nice distinctions as these that Johnson was at fault in his criticism on "*Samson Agonistes*." Milton's art is not to be sought in prominent passages, for it was always his tact to conceal it. On this occasion he had every motive both for using it and concealing it, treating, as he did, of a doctrine so abstruse, and which none but himself (or his contemporary, Dr. Henry More) would have dared to delineate in poetical images. This is matter for a sermon rather than a poem; still less does it comport with a flippant critique: but we must follow where the poet leads.

What if the promulgation of the law showed to all the angels, that they were under what the poet has chosen to represent as a state of nature—that they were made equally "subject to vanity?" The difference between the two classes of angels is only that the good are not rebellious, but preserve their fidelity and obedience. Still they endure sufferings, though chiefly endured "for the sake of the glory to be revealed in them." "The earnest expectation of the creature" stood in horror, previous to the combat betwixt Michael and Satan, whose sword was given him from the armoury of Divine truth, that he might in part effect "the manifestation of the Sons of God," for which the celestial armies were waiting in hope, and which should justify their allegiance, and vindicate the wisdom of Abdiel's doctrine, that the liberty of his "sect" was the true liberty, "the glorious liberty of the Sons of God."



We extract the account of the combat between Michael and Satan.

“ Likest Gods they seemed  
 Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
 Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.  
 Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air  
 Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields,  
 Blaz'd opposite, *while expectation stood*  
*In horror* ; from each hand with speed retired  
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,  
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth  
 Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,  
 Among the constellations war were sprung,  
 Two planets rushing from aspect malign  
 Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky,  
 Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
 Together both with next to almighty arm,  
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they aimed  
 That might determine, and not need repeat,  
 As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeared  
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword  
 Of Michael from the armory of God  
 Was given him tempered so, that neither keen  
 Nor solid might resist that edge : it met  
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite  
 Descending, and in half cut sheer, nor staid  
 But with swift wheel reverse, deep ent'ring shared  
 All his right side ; then Satan first knew pain,  
 And writh'd him to and fro convolved : so sore  
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
 Passed through him ; but the ethereal substance closed,  
 Not long divisible, and from the gash  
 A stream of nectarous humor issuing flowed  
 Sanguin, such as celestial spirits may bleed,  
 And all his armour stained erewhile so bright.”

*Book vi. 300—334.*

This view also tends to explain what has been considered to be a piece of wrong conduct in this part of the poem, but which will be now found to be, on the contrary, an example of exquisite art. The commission given to Michael is not executed—

“ them with fire and hostile arms  
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of heaven  
 Pursuing, drive *them out* from God and bliss  
 Into their place of punishment.”—*Book vi. 50—53.*

This is effected at last by the Messiah alone, for whom the full manifestation was reserved. The sin of the rebel angels was pride, and their armour was confidence in their own strength. The charge which the good angels had in hand was

“ to subdue  
 By force, who reason for their law refuse,  
 Right reason for their law.”—*Book vi. 40, 42.*

But if the rebel angels were over-confident in their own strength, the good were equally so in their own reason. In this they were

armed—of this they were vain. But the strife between two such hosts is not to be decided by such means—

“ Equal in their creation they were formed,  
Save what sin hath impaired, which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom,  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last,  
Endless, and no *solution* will be found :  
War wearied hath performed what war can do,  
And to disordered rage let loose the reins.  
With mountains as with weapons armed, which makes  
Wild work in heaven and dangerous to the main.  
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;  
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far  
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
Canst end it.”

*Book vi. 690—703.*

The poet himself points out where the “*solution*” of his argument is to be found, and repeats it in the speech of Messiah previous to his victorious onset on the adversaries of God and man.

“ Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in the righteous cause,  
And as ye have received, so have ye done.  
Invincibly ; but of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs :  
Vengeance is His, or whose he sole appoints ;  
Number to this day’s work is not ordained  
Nor multitude, stand only and behold  
God’s indignation on these godless poured  
By me.”—*Book vi. 803—812.*

All secondary means, all created reason and strength are put aside, that the will of God may be justified, and his power manifested by and in the person of the Messiah. The battle of the angels is said to be founded principally on Rev. xii. 7, 8, “ There was war in heaven ; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels, and prevailed not, neither was their place found any more in heaven.” The battle described by Milton was intended by him to be a type of that thus sketched in the apocalypse. And the poet repeatedly refers to a period still future “ when all things shall be subdued unto the Son, and the Son himself also shall be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all-in-all.” Thus the Son immediately before his setting forth on his victorious errand addresses his Father.

“ O Father, O supreme of heavenly thrones,  
First, highest, holiest, best, thou always seek’st  
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,  
As is most just ; this I my glory account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,  
That thou in me well-pleased, declarest thy will  
Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Sceptre and power, thy giving I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end  
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee  
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov’st.”

*Book vi. 723—733.*

It is still more distinctly, as well as sublimely, referred to in the third book.

“ On me let death wreak all his rage ;  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquished : thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever, by thee I live,  
Though now to death I yield, and am his due,  
All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue  
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;  
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.  
I through the ample air in triumph high  
Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and shew  
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight  
Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,  
While by thee raised I ruin all my foes,  
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :  
Then with the multitude of my redeemed  
Shall enter heaven long absent, and return,  
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more  
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.”—240—265.

In all this, the highest honour is ascribed to the Messiah ; Milton, however, would have fulfilled his task more boldly and more satisfactorily, had his mind been better made up respecting the doctrine of the Trinity. In all that respects the Son, he has expressed himself with studied ambiguity, and, as it would appear, in order not to involve (which would have been a manifest impropriety) the poetical reader in a theological controversy, adopted the language of Scripture. Hence there is nothing that ought to offend the most orthodox. But the uncertainty in the poet's mind throws an air of dubiety over this part of the poem which is equally injurious to its poetical effect, and to its religious application. At the same time it clearly appears, notwithstanding the strenuous argument in the “Christian Doctrine,” that the poet's reason was in a state of doubt on this great subject, and that he had not arrived to the certainty of conviction in favour of that judgment of this momentous inquiry which differed from the opinions he entertained respecting it at an earlier period of his life.

The great moral which is derivable from our view of the subject is this, that in all the conflicts between the spirit and the flesh which every Christian at some time or other invariably undergoes, no permanent dependence is to be placed on the unaided strength and reason of created intelligence, but that ultimately resort must be had to the divine assistance.

This mode of symbolical interpretation (which must not on any account be confounded with the allegorical) may startle with its novelty many readers unaccustomed to its use, and many others, with



the originality of its application in the present instance. All Milton's commentators, however, have not been blind to the symbolical applications which might be made of this book. Greenwood observes, "that Milton, by continuing the war for three days, and reserving the victory upon the third for the Messiah alone, plainly alludes to the circumstances of his death and resurrection. Our Saviour's extreme sufferings on the one hand, and his heroic behaviour on the other, made the contest seem to be more equal and doubtful upon the first day; and on the second, Satan triumphed in the advantages he thought he had gained, when Christ lay buried in the earth, and was to outward appearance in an irrecoverable state of corruption: but when the third sacred morn began to shine, he gloriously vanquished with his own almighty arm the powers of hell, and rose again from the grave."

There are other collateral applications that may be made of several portions of this narrative; but they principally regard what may be called the moral, which, though *one* (the duty and advantage of obedience to the Deity), is capable of many ramifications.

At the conclusion of this episode, Milton repeats the apology with which he commenced it.

"Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,  
At thy request, and that thou mayst beware  
By what is past, to thee I have revealed,  
What might have else to human race been hid."

Book vi. 893—896.

In the passage at the commencement, and which we have before quoted, he suggests an hypothesis, that "earth may be but the shadow of heaven." This is quite consistent with a platonic notion, and Milton was a platonist. Dr. Henry More describes the word of God, as being the "archetypal seal, or intellectual world," whereto should be referred, as he calls it, "the paradigm of all virtues, the idea of all ideas, the form of all forms." This he denominates "Æon-land" and "idea-land," of which all creation is but an imperfect image, and a mutable mirror. There whatever is, pre-existed after a spiritual manner, subject neither to increase, decay, nor change.

Something like this notion appears to have passed through Milton's mind; and the reader will probably think that it was impossible in a briefer compass, to give so complete a prophecy and rehearsal of the history of the human race, under the figure of a warfare, as we conceive was in this book attempted by our sublimest poet.

This ground will furnish a new justification for the introduction of artillery into heaven. It was the endeavour of Milton to make his account (to adopt Dr. Henry More's language) a perfect paradigm of the different modes in which the principle of strife had manifested itself in the after-world. This he intimates himself in the following line—

"War, wearied, hath performed what war can do."

"In the compass of this one book," says Addison, "We have all the variety of battles that can be conceived—a single combat, and a general engagement, after the manner of the ancients, with swords

and darts—another with artillery, in imitation of the moderns—and the third, borrowed from the fictions of the poets, in their descriptions of the giant's war with the gods."

These fictions themselves, and indeed all the ancient mythologies, were constructed upon a similar principle. The gods of the Greeks were only so many personifications of the different parts of nature—the result of a traduction of cosmogony into theogony, or a reduction of the latter into the former. Hence the ideas of material nature and deity, were blended in heterogeneous union. A complete critique of the *Paradise Lost* should enter fully into Milton's system of mythology, and point out how far it had reference to those obscure revelations of divine truth, which are to be found mythically expressed in all ages and countries. We must content ourselves with intimating the manner in which this ought to be accomplished. However, it may have been the aim of some writers to reduce these splendid fictions to mere historical facts, the former must always be insufficiently interpreted by the latter. The reason of this is, that the actual event, which was the origin of the fiction, having been lost sight of by the poet, the tradition was elevated by him into a higher element of being; to say nothing of the natural tendency of the imagination, to ascribe to its objects sublimer modes of existence, under the relations, and with the attributes of eternity. The ordinary occurrences of the heroes of antiquity, are, in Milton's opinion, magnified as the adventures of deities, or the acts of demigods. They are antedated to render them apparently more divine; but their antiquity, being subsequent to nature's, betrays their earthly origin.

"The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held  
Gods, yet confessed later than heaven or earth,  
Their boasted parents; Titan, heaven's first born,  
With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
By younger Saturn; he, from mightier Jove,  
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;  
So Jove usurping reigned."

*Book i. 508—514.*

Still they are carried out of this terrestrial region, and constitute the types and shadows of mysteries, in which, in fact, their own interpretation is only to be successfully sought. Thus the story of the Titans' war, is capable of a similar explication with that already given of Milton's angelic battles. "The Titans, in general," says a formidable critic, "mean the dark primary powers of nature and of mind; the later gods, what enters more within the circle of consciousness. The former are more nearly related to chaos, the latter belong to a world already subjected to order." It is in this tendency of the human intellect, and not from hieroglyphics misunderstood, and badly explained, that the solution is to be found of those daring fables with which the poets abound. They might have had their remote occasion in the symbols and signs alluded to, but their source lay far deeper, in the abysses of the human mind, which adopted those devices only as convenient emblems of its mysteries. We may be told, that the eagle and the vulture were insignia of Egypt, but this piece of information will go a very little way in interpreting the obscurities of the *Prometheus*. It has been said, by

a man of undoubted but perverted genius,\* that the characters of the Satan of Milton, and the Prometheus of Æschylus are identical. This, however, we may be permitted to dispute. Prometheus is a representation of humanity struggling against the laws of nature, impelled by its wants to supernatural endeavour, and restrained by physical necessity in its efforts to ameliorate its condition. The strength and force by which he is chained to the fatal rock, are no other than the same "brute force" and "strength," by which the rebel angels "measured all, of other excellence not emulous." Prometheus is not only a representative of human nature, but he is also a god, and finely prefigures the divine humanity. According to the scheme, then, of the writer referred to, we should be compelled to make the Messiah and Satan change places; and indeed, this is the legitimate result and consequence of his argument, which he was by no means solicitous to avert or conceal. True it is, that the character may also be interpreted, as being symbolical of the rebellious spirit, "of whose name in heavenly records now is no memorial." This union is daring, and unexampled in any other work of genius. It gives overwhelming sublimity to this marvellous fragment, and arrests the critic with wonder and awe. The characters of Satan and the Messiah, are identified in that of Prometheus! It required the light of the Christian revelation to make the necessary distinction. The heathen poet could see nothing but unmerited suffering in man, and only rebellion to the divine decree in all friendly interposition on his account. Whatever tended to ameliorate the condition of humanity, was an act of treason against heaven, and whoever dared to introduce the arts and amenities of life, was deserving of implacable punishment.†

But our Milton wrote his Divine Poem under a more perfect dispensation, with clearer views and better prospects. The sacred knot had for him been disentangled, and in the divine Friend of man he beheld no rebellious Titan, but the Son of God acting in perfect conformity with the will of his Father; neither in the enemy of man did he behold Him "who sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven," but that adversary equally of God and of man, who thought it "better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven;" and accordingly taught, that submission and acquiescence in the directions of Providence was the chief wisdom. In these considerations, also, is to be found the solution of the question, as to the hero of the poem, whether the Messiah, or Adam, or Satan. It is true, that the part of Satan is of remarkable prominence, and it is judiciously made to stand out, since he was the prime Agent by whom evil was

\* Shelley, in the preface to his Prometheus Unbound.

† We have adopted this explanation, in deference to some great authorities, but the Prometheus is susceptible of one much easier and simpler, and on other accounts also preferable. The poet's description of the Tyrant of Olympus, as of a being inimical to whatever is beneficial for the human race, is only proper to Satan, who is emphatically denominated also "the God of this world." And what else, properly understood, was Jove himself, according to this system of mythology? This view exonerates the resistance of Prometheus of every evil attribute, and makes him simply representative of the divine friend of man, without any alliance with the spirit of rebellion.



introduced into the world, the origin of which was the main subject of the argument. But it does not therefore follow, that he is the hero of the "Paradise Lost," any more than that Hector is the hero of the *Iliad*. Is the part of Achilles the longest in Homer's poem? But our poet had to contend with a very serious difficulty. We have seen how naturally, in the case of Prometheus, the peculiar attributes of each might be blended in one person; and there was great risk of the reader's preferring those of either, according to his individual propensities for good or evil. The reader will sympathize with the success of Satan, or the promise of Messiah's final conquest, according to his faith, and the impulses of his own will and wish. Adam is the central point, his nature is, as it were, the theatre, on which the great battle is fought—the stage on which the contention is tried. It has been said, that the poem is deficient in human interest; the fact is, that the interest is exclusively and peculiarly human. But it is only of the loftiest interests of humanity, that the poet is solicitous, to which the mind of the ordinary reader cannot be expected to ascend without difficulty and labour. All that is done in heaven, on earth, or in hell, and all that is prophesied of the consummation hereafter, "when time shall be no more," has reference to human interests, and to human hopes. The Messiah himself, is but a personified idea of man, as existing in a state of divine perfection at the right hand of God; and Satan also is only a personified idea of man, cast out from the presence of his Creator, and surrendered to the mighty, but wicked energies of his own unfathomable nature. Milton does not describe him as the evil principle of the Manicheans, but simply as the author of evil.—

" Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
 Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous as thou seest,  
 The acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,  
 Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,  
 And thy adherents."

Milton indulges in no theory of the two principles, co-eternal and co-equal. He portrays no Lucifer participant of Deity, and disputing the goodness of the supreme will, even while asserting his own inherent energies, and rising in rebellion against the divine decree. The paternal Godhead maintains an unapproachable superiority, and an independent being, beyond participation and above comparison. Had he confined the manifestation of the Deity to the Son, according to the Scripture doctrine, our epic poet might have presented an idea overwhelmingly awful from its impenetrable obscurity, and excelling in sublimity, the most magnificent conception of created intellect. But he endeavoured to reduce the paternal Deity to the level of human understanding; yet, notwithstanding this error, he has made the subject so much his own, and such is its transcendent dignity, that any competitor with him, in this the highest region of imaginative daring, is scarcely to be expected. What *he* might have done, had he not committed this error, we dare not even imagine, but we feel that it would have been of surpassing power, and unexampled magnificence.

The mind of Milton appears at an early period of his life, to have luxuriated in day-dreams of poetical ambition; and he proposed to himself subjects, fitting for the exercise of those abilities, which, he says, "wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation; and are of power, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith, against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship; lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue, amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without; or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to paint out and describe."\*

These aspirations of his youth it was late in life ere Milton began to fulfil. No wonder, then, that he adopted subjects so decidedly symbolical, in which, by implication at least, he was enabled to treat the important subjects proposed in the foregoing extract. Had it been expedient for us to quote from the schoolmen and old theologians, we might have accumulated proof sufficient to set this matter beyond a doubt; and, at the same time, found abundant occasion to admire the skill and delicacy of the poet's taste in avoiding whatever was mystical or involved in scholastic subtleties. What we have been enabled to do, has sufficed to show that the errors of Milton in the conduct and execution of his principal poem, are not such as have been pretty generally censured, and lie much deeper than has been usually conjectured. His chief error appears to have been that he mistook an excellent poetical theory for a sound theological system.

For this style of symbolical writing, Milton may plead the example of the best poets of antiquity. *Æschylus*, in particular, was a mighty master in this branch of his art. A celebrated writer with reference to the tragedy of the *Eumenides* observes, that "the furies are the dreadful powers of conscience, in so far as it rests on obscure feelings and forebodings, and yields to no principles of reason. The sleep of the furies in the temple is symbolical; for only in the holy place, in the bosom of religion, can the fugitive find rest from the stings of conscience. When at last a sanctuary is allotted to the softened furies in the Athenian territory, this is as much as to say that reason shall not every where assert her power against the instinctive impulse, that there are certain boundaries in the human mind which are not to be passed, and which every person possessed of a sentiment of reverence will beware of touching, if

\* The Reason of Church Government, p. 73. vol. i. Burnett's edition.

he wishes to preserve inward peace." Many examples occur in Milton's prose of his preference and feeling for this manner of composition. Indeed, it is one of the peculiar offices of an elevated imagination to esteem of finite things as the shadows of infinite realities, and to invest the former with a greatness, as representative portions of the mighty whole, which, from their comparative insignificance, they would fail to claim for themselves as independent beings. It is in this way that the genius of Wordsworth is comparable with that of Milton; but their ends are different. Milton found himself in the land of ideas, which it was his great aim to express in intelligible symbols. Wordsworth refers from the type to the archetype, and by means of the visible creation endeavours to rise to the contemplation of pure intelligence. It is indicative of the spirit of the age that a man of undoubted genius, in order to fix his reader's thoughts on the mysteries of his own being, should feel it necessary to abstract his attention from all material distinctions.

We have much yet to say, but our limits allow us to add no more. What has been written may suffice to instruct the youthful aspirant for the poetic laurel, that his pursuit is no idle amusement, and its aim of no trivial nature. Therefore, let it not be lightly adopted, and never employed but as a mode of tasking the faculties, and a motive for their cultivation. The original human nature, after which the poet's transcripts are to be made, must be sought in his own bosom: let him not, however, neglect the opportunities of observation if he would enrich his memory, and enlarge his fancy. His studies, moreover, must be general, and his application unintermitted, who would produce works of enduring excellence. He must drink deeply at the ancient wells of inspiration, and, in an especial manner, at the living fountain of revealed truth. Exanimated of enthusiasm, he will neither accomplish nor design any undertaking of power or promise, yet may he be warned by the example of Milton to keep it in subjection to the superior law of his reason. This caution, however, is not much wanted—a few enthusiasts exist, but in general, the failing is now upon the other side. Bacon found it necessary, in his time, to draw off men from the contemplation of visionary schemes to the inductions of experiment. The philosophy of the present age is in danger of becoming too external, and threatens to grow so intent on observation as to leave consciousness altogether out of the question. The plays of Shakspeare were written in the very spirit of Bacon's philosophy; the drama of our day has degenerated into a lifeless copy from experience and descriptions of inanimate nature; while our general poetry is more solicitous to describe local customs and temporary costume, than to express the humanity which is common to every clime under heaven and has existed in every period of the world. The example of Milton, thus timely exhibited, may tend to redeem the incipient poet from this error; the prevailing tone of the public taste will prevent him from falling into the other extreme. Above all things, he will do well practically to remember what Milton has no less truly than finely said—



"He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing of high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praise-worthy."

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## THE LAUREL AND THE ROSE.

BY J. W. MARSTON, ESQ.

"O! WHAT is like me?" said the laurel-tree,

"I constant verdure boast:

Ever green I appear in the noon of the year--

Ever green in the winter's frost.

The brightest hues that the rose suffuse

Know but a summer's reign;

But when its bloom hath found a tomb,

Mine fadeless doth remain."

"I do not sigh that I early die,"

Meekly the rose replied;

"Though its glow be brief, yet doth my leaf

Boast incense far and wide.

On the sick man's brow, on pillow low,

My grateful sweets I shed;

And the moisten'd air I perfume where

Rests the pure infant's head."

O blessed flower! a nobler dower

Hath heaven vouchsafed to thee,

Than laurels own, though they alone

In ceaseless verdure be.

In thy brief life, with fragrance rife,

More holiness hath birth

Than in what lives for years, but gives

No perfume to the earth!

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## THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THERE is hope for Art in England, while such an annual exhibition as the present is possible. More than two hundred years were required for the fine arts to reach mediocrity in Italy, while the northern schools of Europe had to travail long before were thrown up with great labour, a Rubens, a Vandyke, and a Rembrandt. Little more than half a century has sufficed to win for England a glorious name. We are told by Count Pepoli, with that love of country which is so creditable, that his mother Italy is beautiful, though fallen, because of her union with art, science,

and literature.\* Our Britain shall also be called *The Beautiful*, even as he admits, found as the attribute may be in Shakspeare and Milton. "If I feel it not in them," he exclaims, "how can I in Dante, in Raffaele, or any other? The presence of the *Beautiful*, like that of the sun, illuminates all, and claims the admiration of all!"

Our native school of art cannot be said to have commenced until the time of Reynolds, Hudson, and Hogarth. "In Queen Anne's reign, there were three good native artists, the two Olivers and Cooper; in Queen Victoria's reign, there are most probably three thousand artists, most of whom can paint well, many of them are men of very superior talent."† Here is progress, indeed!

The Father of the fine arts in England was George the Third, who had a taste and judgment for them. What *he* had projected, George the Fourth was inclined to accomplish. During his regency, the Parthenon marbles were brought to England. "In 1824," says Mr. Sarsfield Taylor, "the National Gallery of pictures was commenced, by the purchase of the fine collection made by J. Julius Angerstein, Esq. This circumstance marks quite a new era of art in Britain. George IV. had magnificent ideas relative to the arts; but coming into power late in life, and being annoyed by factions and domestic embarrassments, his good intentions for promoting art were unavoidably neutralized." King William was kind to the professors, and Queen Victoria has some experience in the practice of the art itself.

There is then, we repeat, hope for art in Britain, which, dear Count Pepoli, like your beloved Italy, may yet be destined to be called the Pantheon, and become the spot where men of learning and taste may devoutly assemble, as it were, from all parts of the world, and study with enthusiastic ardour her language, her literature, and the arts. Yes, Count, we can admire socialism as much as you, though we think we see, that individualism is the basis even of the socialism that is recommended. But we like so much what you say of the influence of the arts on history and philosophy, that we must let you discourse as you will on a theme so pregnant.

*Count Pepoli.* Two grand systems have for many ages divided the world. And the contemplation of the struggle, the action and reaction between the man and society, between the individual and species, will give rise to various secondary questions, conducting gradually from speculation to fact, from theory to practice. It will not be difficult to see that, through the influence of prejudices diametrically opposed to each other, want of moderation has precipitated antagonist writers into the same abyss of error. In the analysis of some works, for instance, it will not be difficult to trace the progress of the abstract love of the principle

\* On the language and literature of Italy, an inaugural Lecture delivered in University College, London, on the 6th November, 1838. By Professor Carlo Pepoli, M. A. D. Ph. of the University of Bologna. London: *Taylor and Walton*, 1838.

† "The art of painting in oil, and in Fresco: being a history of the various processes and materials employed, from its discovery, by Hubert and John Van Eyck, to the present time: translated from the original French treatise of M. J. F. L. Méremée, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris. With original observations on the rise and progress of British Art, the French and English chromatic scales, and theories of Coloring. By W. B. Sarsfield Taylor, Senior Curate of the Living Model Academy, &c. &c. London: *Whitaker and Co.* 1839.

of association, till it refines into absolute mysticism, or that of the harsh passion for personal independence, till it resolves into what is termed an individual *moral avarice*; and we shall see all the results of egotism, wandering, perhaps with equal strides, to the same distance from sound reason, and the strict line of human duties. In like manner, it may be proved, that the personifications of the exclusive socialist, as well as those of the exclusive individualist, each rigidly working out his own principles, will, at least frequently, in their remote consequences, present a character, the strict negative of their own identities."

*Editor.* But, Count—

*Count Pepoli.* I dwell not on this: I merely state that history will guide us with the torch of philosophy, to a just appreciation of the whole literature of Italy; for, without philosophy, history is but an empty name. What indeed could be the definition of history, apart from philosophy? It is a sound, lost in extreme distance; it is a cry in the desert; an utterance which may be either adoration or blasphemy, according to the spirit of the man from whom it proceeds. Such is history without philosophy. Furthermore, the pages of history, descending through successive generations, escape not the destructive influence of time; the corrosion of which, first effaces minor occurrences, then great events, and lastly, the very names of nations themselves; and oblivion spreads her dark mantle over the grand events which once convulsed the earth.

*Editor.* And this history is sometimes completely cancelled, and the secret of remote ages is lost with their departed generations?

*Count Pepoli.* But if time has an arm powerful thus to destroy recollections entrusted to writing, nations have still the means of preserving their names on obelisks, on pyramids, arches, monuments. Centuries have passed, no page of history remains; but the deeds of Sesostris, and the renown of Egypt, live in a history constructed by millions of arms!

*Editor.* A people of artists raises its monuments of granite, and defies the power of time.

*Count Pepoli.* Monuments are the seal of history. We should investigate not only history written—but history painted, history sculptured! Painting, architecture, sculpture,—these are history; these are poetry; these the highest literature! We cannot become priests of literature; we cannot be even adepts, without a capacity to feel the Beautiful in all its forms—in all the streams which art has poured forth in paintings, in marbles, and the harmonies of sounds.

*Editor.* These are fine flights, Count.

*Count Pepoli.* Do not our hearts thrill equally at the descriptions of the disasters of Francesca, of the misfortunes of Ugolino, in Dante, as at the sight of the Slaughter of the Innocents, by Guido? The painting of the Transfiguration by the hand of Sanzio, and the thoughts expressed by the Bard of Vaucluse, seize us with equal force, and with like rapture transport us to heaven. I will add, that among our sculptors, painters, and poets, there is so strong a spirit of fraternity, that their souls seem often transfused into each other. The poem of Dante, and the Last Judgement of Michael Angelo, appear to be the conception of the same mind. The charms of Laura, described by Petrarca, are exhibited in all the female figures painted by Raffaello. The imagination of Ariosto, appears the same with that of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto. In force of



description, richness of imagery, simplicity, and elevation of style, Tasso has been called the rival of Homer and Virgil. Voltaire has even asserted, that he surpasses them in the perfect unity of his poem, and in the philosophy of his characters. Leonardo da Vinci, in his painting of the Last Supper, resembles the genius of Tasso.

*Editor.* The essential principles of art and literature being similar, their results are analogous.

*Count Pepoli.* Yes! Michael Angelo said that it was in the study of Dante he acquired the art of painting, sculpture, and architecture; Galileo affirmed, that through painting he became enamoured of astronomy. So skilled, indeed, was he in painting, perspective and music, that he was consulted by the most eminent artists, by Empoli, Bronzino, and Papignano,—and Cigoli said, it was from Galileo that he learned all he knew of painting; Alfieri states that his tragic genius was first awakened and aroused by music, which he heard at Turin; Leonardo da Vinci said, that music and song inspired him with the love of philosophy and painting. The peculiar character of the fabulous muse of antiquity, had its origin in the analogy of these elements.

*Editor.* Sing thou, Count, the praises of Italy; England shall be our theme. Mr. Sarsfield Taylor derives much hope from the fact of our country being a commercial one. The arts have loved commercial states. Witness the people of Rhodes, who, though deeply engaged in merchandise, yet made astonishing progress in sculpture; nor small in other arts;—the Æginetans, likewise, who were alike commercial and elegant. The beautiful marbles, some of which we now possess, that have been taken from the ruins of their temples, prove the fine taste of those islanders, and the high degree of improvement to which they had attained in sculpture and architecture. Argos, Athens, Sicyon, and Corinth, the seat of transcendent good taste, were more or less commercial; as were, in fact, all the cities of the Ægean sea, and of the Cyclades. Shall Pisa, Florence, and Lucca be mentioned, or the other greater commercial states of Italy, Venice and Genoa, or Holland and Flanders, to remind us of the unfading glory which commerce has derived from its munificent protection of the arts, that adorn civilized society, that mend the manners, and improve the heart?

But the Count has gone! Vanished like an apparition! Such he was—we soliloquize.

The Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square, though not what it ought to be, is yet better adapted for exhibiting pictures, than were the Somerset house apartments. It is almost impossible to hang a picture in a bad light. This is something; nay, much.

There is not so large a proportion of Portraits this year, as on former occasions. John Wilson Croker said in the House of Commons, that Portrait painting was the true historical. Perhaps he was right. The so called historical, is properly the epical; for in such a picture, the poetical is always involved, and it should never be called by a name which does not imply the association. But we are a matter of fact people, and prefer the historical; hence, the patronage bestowed on portraiture, in testimony whereof, the Venerable President of the Royal Academy, SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE is a Portrait painter.

We still soliloquize; but not as Editor. For now we are neither

Count Pepoli, nor Mr. Heraud—but mere contributing critic to the pages of the *Monthly*. “Such tricks has strong imagination!”

We think that we were speaking of portrait painting? Good! And of the president's portraits? Better! Know then, that in the place usually occupied by Royalty, is the portrait of *Lady Codrington*, a graceful, and elegant portrait, which well sustains Sir Martin's reputation. But his best picture is the portrait of her husband, a half length of great force, brilliance, and vivacity—it is one of the finest specimens of his skill. The portraits of the Earl of Aberdeen, K. T—Miss Reid, and Sir Harry Inglis, Bart., are of uniform merit; the last boasting much of Rubens' richness.

The late Sir William Beechey's portrait of *Miss Owen as Psyche*, though not possessing the vigour of his early works, is yet distinguished by much harmony and grace. As the work of a man more than eighty years of age, it is a remarkable production.

Phillips has several portraits. His *Dr. Arnold*, head master of Rugby school, is a fine likeness,—in the first class of portrait-painting, pervaded with a quiet dignity. Then, too, there is *Dr. George Shepherd*, painted for the honourable society of Grays' Inn; thoughtful and characteristic; an order of production in which this artist best succeeds; for the sterner graces love him most. Nevertheless, his *Flora Mc. Ivor* is a picture of much delicacy, softness and sentiment.

We willingly pass by Briggs' portraits, which have an ordinary common-place air, unattuned for by veracity of resemblance; that we may dwell on those of Pickersgill. There is a semi-equestrian portrait—an Officer of the second regiment of Life Guards, leaning beside his steed—in which Pickersgill has succeeded in eliciting from very ordinary materials, an effective picture. Its masses are boldly distributed, and there is a quiet gentlemanly demeanor in the subject; his *Lord Lyndhurst* is a fair attempt—no more.

George Patten is an artist who is already as celebrated for his classical subjects as for his portraits. There are no pictures so carefully drawn, coloured, and finished as his, in this year's exhibition. For more than one season, previous to his being made an Associate, he stood alone in the exhibition, as an epic painter. Yes! when all was discouragement, following in the wake of Etty, did George Patten step forward to occupy the neglected ground. Nor in vain. His productions are always signally distinguished by a desire for the most excellent, the abstract and the ideal. We have not yet forgotten his *Cymon and Iphigenia*, his *Venus caressing her favourite dove*,—his *Bacchus and Ino*—his *Wood-nymph*—his *Passions*. No—for they stand alone. This season, he has consulted his profit in the production of the very best portraits of the season. He has two capital and prominent full lengths in the middle room, one of the *Rev. James Slade*, and the other of *Dr. Andrew Reed*, which will, we hope, procure him golden opinions. The former gentleman is painted in his surplice, at the altar of the parish church of Bolton le Moor, of which he is Vicar. How calm and impressive the dignity of the figure! The costume, also, usually considered very difficult, is managed with striking skill and effect. The latter portrait will, doubtless, be a treasure to the London Orphan Asylum, for which it has been painted. We repeat, that more faithful likenesses, more masterly por-

traits, grace not the walls of the Academy. It would be indelicate for a critic in the *Monthly Magazine*, to say much concerning this artist's portrait of the author of *the Judgement of the Flood*; yet may we modestly testify to its accuracy as a likeness of *Mr. Heraud*, and its great merits as a picture. It is indeed, an admirable portrait, highly wrought, touching, intellectual—almost speaking. This rising artist has also several other portraits. The great power that he possesses in delineating female beauty, is remarkable, and his *Sappho* this season is a perfect gem. Look too at his *Three Graces*! Is it not a charming cabinet picture? It is indeed a production of extraordinary elegance—light, gay, yet signally chaste, in style and execution!

We begin to warm in our work, as we approach the better parts of the exhibition. We glow with admiration for Edwin Landseer. His animals are superb—those lions with Van Amburgh are magnificent. Yet we wish that he had not painted the picture, and that Her Majesty had not ordered its execution. His portraits are meritorious. The *Princess Mary of Cambridge*, and *Miss Eliza Peel with Fido, a dog*, and the children of *Colonel Seymour Bathurst*, are exquisite.

We are already weary with gazing, and with passing again and again from one room to another, to gather in clusters the works of specific artists. Let us sit, and reflect awhile. Ha! there is a picture obvious to all spectators. We must look at it. *St. Dunstan separating Edwin and Elvina*. It is by Dyce. Is it not somewhat German in its treatment? Yes; it is. Those Germans entertain high doctrines concerning art. Art and religion, with them, are synonymous terms. Be it so: it is the true Catholic faith concerning both. Dyce's picture impresses us with a sense of moral grandeur. Look at the energy of the monk: is it not magnificent? The astonishment of the king: is it not marvellous? And the solicitude of the royal wife.—But, perhaps, there is a ghastliness in the queen that is *outré*. Abounding in the ornamental, yet severe withal, we commend the composition as a work of genius.

Discoursing of the German style, we recollect that Von Holst has a portrait of *Bettina Brentano*. O Plato! O Göthe!

“Tell me where is fancy bred,  
In the heart or in the head?”

Fancy means love; starry and contemplative. We care not for the picture as a work of art; but the theme interests us.

The Germans deem highly of art: so do we. What glorious things might be written on the Art of Painting! What things, still more glorious, on Art itself! Look at the gorgeous tints of the evening sky in summer!

“Who can paint  
Like nature? Can Imagination boast  
Amid her gay creation hues like these?”

Yes! if the mind of the spectator choose to apprehend in the work of the artist that which he designs. Nay; if it be the work of the true artist, he will apprehend more than nature ever shews; for the true artist seeks to soar, and *does* soar, beyond the merely natural. The artist himself is not a natural, but a supernatural, being. He enacts with dead matter what he pleases; he selects—he combines—he moulds; re-shapes



and shapes even what he will; and there is no power that checks him but the limits of his own genius, and the amount of his own acquirements.

The true artist *copies* not; the least he does is to *imitate*—the most, to *create*. It is probable that the vulgar appreciate most the copyist—the better instructed, the imitator. Nevertheless, the public mind—doubt it not!—is capable of whatever is excellent. Be it understood that whatever is dry and interesting is for the pedant; or, at any rate, should be confined to the private memoranda of the student. Only the result, exhibited in the most graceful and elegant forms, should be given to the public. This is true, both in literature and art; for, it should be remembered, that there is such a thing as Taste as well as Genius; and that it is the most subtle of all essences, as it were—the finest of all attributes: so *fine*, as to be almost, if not altogether, indefinable. Indefinable it is in words: it may be felt, not described; it is, indeed, a charm. Every one recognises it; none can tell what it is. All acknowledge its presence; all deplore its absence. Whether it be a poem, a picture, or a critical essay, the case is the same.

Listen to what the celebrated Schiller says of the artist—our friend and lover, Thomas Carlyle, supplies us at once with a bold translation of the passage:—"The Artist is the son of his age; but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him return, a foreign shape, into his country; not, however, to delight it by his presence; but dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon, to purify it. *The matter of his works, he will take from the present; but their form he will derive from a nobler time; nay, from beyond all time—from the absolute, unchanging unity of his own nature.* Here, from the pure ether of his spiritual essence, flows down the fountain of beauty, uncontaminated by the pollution of ages and generations, which roll to and fro in their turbid vortex, far beneath it. His matter, caprice can dishonour, as she has ennobled it; but the chaste form is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his Cæsars, when the statues of Rome were still standing erect; the temples continued holy to the eye when their gods had long been a laughing-stock; and the abominations of a Nero and a Commodus were silently rebuked by the style of the edifice which lent its concealment. Man has lost his dignity; but Art has saved it, and preserved it for him in expressive marbles. Truth still lives in fiction; and, from the copy, the original will be restored.

"But how," continues Schiller, "is the artist to guard himself against the corruptions of his time, which, on every side, assail him? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and the law, not downwards to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant, and from the querulous spirit of enthusiasm that measures by the scale of perfection the meanest products of reality; let him leave to mere understanding, which is here at home, the province of the actual; while he strives, by uniting the possible with the necessary, to produce the ideal. This let him imprint and express in fiction and truth; imprint it in the

sport of his imagination, and the earnest of his actions ; imprint in all sensible and spiritual forms ; and cast it silently into everlasting time."

A truce to thought. Return we to the Great Room. We turn, instinctively, to the catalogue, for the productions of William Etty. But why consult the book, when there is *The Rape of Proserpine*, a bold, dashing picture ? Who can doubt the artist ? In whatever he does, the Poet, the Painter, and the Critic, will each recognise that which is calculated to delight him. "Read Spenser," we once heard Etty say, "and you are immediately carried into a world of *your own*." Look at Etty's picture—is it not the same with you ? Beauties and faults blend in the work before you. The grouping and colouring are unsurpassable ; but the figures are defective in finish. Wandering in the painter's paradise, if we find fault with things so exquisite, believe us, that it is only in the jealousy of love. A main column of the state of *creative Art*—of *poetic Painting*—we admire Etty's masterly facility of execution ; but it sometimes seduces the Artist into a rather too ostentatious display of this excellence, to the damage of that careful completion which his character demands from him. Sometimes, as in his *Endymion*, he is both common-place in design, and negligent in execution.

Sir David Wilkie's great picture is a capital performance. Our heart leaps up at it, as when we "behold a rainbow in the sky." The subject of it is the discovery of the body of Tippoo Saib by Sir David Baird. It is the *chef d'œuvre* of the present exhibition. There is a poetical point in the picture which is carefully indicated in the catalogue. Below the feet of General Baird, there is a grating in the parapet wall, which the artist supposes to give light to the dungeon in which Sir David Baird had been for nearly four years immured by Hyder Ally and his son,—that same Tippoo Sultaun, whom, by a remarkable dispensation of providence, he now finds prostrate at his feet, bereft of his crown, his kingdom, and his life. Well on such an occasion, might the hero of the picture stand in a proud and triumphant attitude ; his bosom visibly swelling with emotion, and his eyes directed to heaven in grateful wonder. He has no thought of the body beneath him—he looks not at it ; that poor office is left for a Scotch soldier, who is peering at it with curious and anxious speculation. The thoughts of Sir David Baird are abstracted from all such objects, he thinks only of the moment, its greatness, a moment, which, in one point of time, has blended the present and the past ; the memory of evil, and the spectacle of retribution—and he exults ; yet, we would fain believe, as a Christian hero, not as a heathen warrior. Produced for the lady of Sir David Baird, the historical department of the picture is subordinated to the personal ; and, besides, offers a striking instance that modern costume is no hindrance to the display of heroic actions. On the whole, it is the largest and grandest work yet completed by this celebrated artist.

Turn we now to Turner. Ah ! Turner ! wizard—or wizard's demon ! Who recollects not thy modern Italy ? Here have we thy *Ancient* and *Modern Rome*—two pictures unintelligible to sumphs, a world of intelligence to thee. In the former, Agrippina is landing with the ashes of Germanicus, the Triumphal Bridge and palace of the Cæsars being restored—

"The clear stream,  
Aye—the yellow Tiber glimmer'd to the brim,  
Even while the sun is setting."

In the latter—O Turner's Modern Rome! "What!" you exclaim, "sugar-candy columns, a golden coliseum, a snowy foreground, and a burning distance; verily, 'the moon is up, and yet it is not night,'—and, 'by the starry hosts, it is not day!'" Peace, scorner! Great artist! "with all thy faults we love thee still!" Faults! Show us the true critic that dare mend them. Would to heaven we could commit such! Then too there is *Cicero's Villa*—O visionary, a dream-like Eden! Would you find realized the most exquisite pictorial imagery, the highest charm of landscape, of light and air? Consult the pictures of Turner. Utterly inadequate is the pen to describe the wonders of the pencil. Amid those glowing wonders, Turner moves alone. Within that circle none dare walk but he. He it is who culls the beauty of every clime, snatches every happy and appropriate incident; and then refining and refining these within the furnace of his own more than ethereal spirit, pours them forth again, and through his canvas medium faintly indicates, yet as strongly as may be, the boundless stores of a genius only not almighty. He is the prince of *imitative* art.

There is a difference between *imitative* and *creative* art. Etty, George Patten, Howard, are *creative* artists; M'Clise is *inventive*; Turner is *imitative*.

Howard's picture some years back, of the *Man-child saved from the Dragon*, struck us as poetical, sublimely and lovelily poetical. His *Rising of the Pleiades*, in the present exhibition is chastely so.

M'Clise's *Robin Hood*, is a picture in his usual style; technical to excess; full of action, life, vigour! It has more unity than the *Vow of the Peacock*, or *Christmas Revels*; and is altogether a brilliant specimen of the romantic. Birds, beasts, armour, men, women, throng the canvas. Brilliant, however, as it is; from the want of breadth in the lights and shades, it has the appearance of a composition for a tea-tray. The minute details are all equally of importance, a circumstance excitive of vulgar admiration, which a great artist should be too proud to conciliate.

In contrast with the preceding work, *Severn's Rhime of the Ancient Mariner*, is stern, bold, and imaginative. The artistic treatment equals the subject. Devoid of meretricious grace, it appeals at once to the highest feelings. How would "the old man eloquent," have recognised here the realization of his marvellous conception. But in his high reason was an ideal still beyond form and colour.

Hart has a great picture. *The Lady Jane Grey at the Place of her Execution* is a noble thing! There is exceeding beauty, purity and devotion, in the countenance and attitude of the heroine.

As a refined and gentle spirit, though a mere copyist of nature, let us welcome Eastlake. His *Christ blessing little Children*, is tender and sweet, but without elevation. *La Svegliarina* is touching and affectionate, a true symbol of maternal sentiment.

It is pleasing to hail a *new* candidate, if worthy. Redgrave is almost an unknown student, yet his *Olivia's Return to her Parents*, and his *Quentin Matsys* are works of extraordinary feeling and expression, with much skill in composition and effect.

*The Brides of Venice* by Herbert, is another work by a youthful aspirant, and betokens much ability and delicate handling. Minute in its details, it is yet pleasing in its results.



*Who can this be?* by Leslie, is both republican and courtly. How this is, the reader must ascertain himself by looking at the picture, which he will find deserving his investigation, for its humour, character and point.

Uwins has eight pictures in his customary manner; exquisite in feeling, but feeble in conception and execution.

Mulready's *Sonnet*, and *Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes*, are two bijoux—the foreshortening of the youth in the former picture is admirable. Scheffer's *Protestant Reader* and Hornung's *Calvin on his Death Bed* are chaste and finished pictures, free from all meretricious attempts at modern flashiness of effect. The countenances in both pictures are singularly expressive. Hollin's *Margaret* at her spinning-wheel, is evidently a portrait—but sweetly done.

The pictures in this year's exhibition are remarkable for chastity of colouring. It is, we suspect, a calumny, that asserts there is a tendency in modern art to gaudy combinations. On the contrary, we have found reason, in general, to wish that pictures were at first more brilliantly coloured. They decay soon enough. But this, we know, is a point on which, in consequence of the prejudices of amateurs, our English Artists are peculiarly timid. Take our word for it, however, that it is not to imitate the old artists, to colour in tones too subdued. Sir Martin A. Shee well remarks on the popular error, respecting "the difference of tone or general hue which appears invariably to distinguish old pictures from the more modern productions of the pencil." "The former" he says, "are generally sombre, dark and heavy; but rich, mellow and harmonious. The latter seem glaring, crude, and violent; but bright, animated and vigorous. The gloom of the one is always viewed by the critic with favour,—the glare of the other as generally regarded with disapprobation. To form a just estimate of both requires the full exercise of judgement and common sense. We should not allow ourselves to be so far influenced by the impression which almost invariably prevails amongst persons of taste, as to mistake that darkness of hue which characterises the work of the Old Masters, for a merit of their Art, which is really a defect of their age. Time is as great an enemy to beauty in Art as in Nature; and pictures, like most other things, are seldom the better for being old.

"The great colourists of the Venetian School," the President proceeds, "would hardly recognise the splendours of their palette in the dingy hues to which they are now reduced by the joint operation of time, dust and varnish. Titian would be disposed to disclaim his *Venus*, if he were to behold the gipsy glow of her carnations in a modern collection; but, fortunately, enough remains of their original lustre to justify the verdict which has been pronounced in their favour. We acquire by degrees, a conventional taste, which enables us to penetrate the veil in which time tries to involve the beauties of art; we see the bloom of the rose in the faded flower, and trace, even in the ruin, the perfection of the finished work. But, in exercising a judgement thus arbitrary and peculiar, we must take care that the acquired relish does not prevent the natural palate: we must clearly distinguish that which habit has rendered agreeable, from that which nature has established as true. The faults of a bad picture may in some respects be improved

by time to defects less offensive ; and if old pictures are generally found to be harmonious in effect, it is because their harshness has been softened, and their discordant hues subdued under one general gloom.

“ It is principally on this subject—the effects of time on the productions of the pencil,—that the judgement of the Artist, and that of the Amateur appear to be so much at variance, and so difficult to be reconciled. The Amateur may be said to live surrounded, either in his own collection or in the galleries of his friends, with the best productions of the Ancient Schools. At home or abroad, his studies of art have been pursued amongst such works : whatever may have been their brilliancy when fresh from the easel, they have long been subdued, by age and the process of the picture-cleaner, to a depth of tone amounting not only to darkness, but in many cases, to absolute blackness. Those works, nevertheless he knows to be of the highest merit, and regarded with general admiration. Necessarily more conversant with pictures, than with the objects which they represent, his standard of comparison is derived from Art rather than from Nature, and he judges of the model by the imitation. The sombre hues of the Old Masters become associated in his mind with all his conceptions of excellence. Under the influence of these impressions, he enters an exhibition of modern works, and naturally desires to find there an aspect of art similar to that upon which he has been accustomed to bestow his admiration. He is disappointed ; every picture appears to him to be crude and in-harmonious ; his eye is offended by the contrast ; he exclaims against the gaudiness of the Modern School, and turns with distaste from what he considers as violent and vulgar glare.

“ The Artist, on the other hand, in constant communication with Nature, and taught to regard her as the sole test of truth and beauty, is dazzled by the sudden splendours of her aspect. To him she appears all light and lustre : he finds no colours on his palette rich enough for her radiance, or brilliant enough for her bloom. He searches eagerly through the whole chromatic scale,—he exhausts every combination of hue, and tries every artifice of light and shade ; but all his efforts are vain,—his model rises before him in unapproachable effulgence. Like the Amateur, he admires the works of the Old Masters. He is, indeed, the more sensible of their excellence, in proportion as his studies have taught him to appreciate the exertions by which such merits have been attained. But their darkness he feels to be their defect ; he, however, judges what they were, by what they now are,—by the day’s decline he estimates the meridian glow, and acknowledges the splendour of Nature though in eclipse.

“ Starting, thus, from opposite points, and each using a measure of merit which has been the result of a process so different, it is not surprising that some disagreement should prevail between the Artist and the Amateur in their estimate of modern works. Candour, however, will perhaps acknowledge that both parties are somewhat in error. If the eye of the amateur, accustomed to the sombre character and sober dignity of Ancient Art, requires, in a modern production, a depth of tone which may be said to anticipate time, and to be inconsistent with the bloom and freshness of Nature,—the Artist, in his eagerness to secure these captivating qualities, is not unfrequently found to venture

upon a scale of colouring which his materials are incompetent to sustain. Commencing in too high a key, he strains his power beyond their strength, and in a vain struggle after brilliancy, becomes raw, violent and "exaggerated."

These remarks of the venerable president are admirable. With much judgement he recommends to the student a middle course; and, we are bold to say, that, with very few exceptions indeed, his advice has, in the present exhibition, been observed.

We have but short space left for our remarks on the Sculpture Room. We were particularly struck by a colossal statue in marble, of the late *Thomas Telford*, the celebrated engineer, by Baily. A deeply impressive and dignified repose, bespeaks an elevated and meditative genius, and corroborates the high opinion that we have always had of this distinguished sculpture's great talent. *A group of the Children of Sir Francis Shuckburgh*, is an admirable work, full of sentiment, but too rarely exhibited. Gibson's *Love Cherishing a Soul while preparing to torment it*, is a veritable poetic effusion in marble; light, agile, beautiful; the purest sentiment in the loveliest form. *Venus Verticordia*, by the same artist, gives an elevation to sculpture, by which it almost reaches the Divine in beauty. It is impossible for a rightly constituted mind, to contemplate such works without feeling sacred emotions. *Legrew's Ajax* is energetic, and Coffee's *Two Sleeping Children* delicious. Gott's *Clytie*, though small in dimensions, is a thing of infinite grace and loveliness.

On reviewing what we have written, we find that we have neglected the landscape department, in which, however, the usual contributors do not appear. Stanfield, Roberts, and Sir A. W. Calcott, have retired. Frederick Richard Lee, however, has five subjects which will sustain his reputation. The miniatures are also deserving of some consideration—they are numerous, if few be of great merit. Among these, we remarked Ross's, Robertson's, and Chalon's portraits; some water-coloured drawings by Miss Corbaux; and many that will repay the trouble of inspection.

Among the architectural designs, our attention was particularly called by Jones' *View of the Alcove at the upper end of the Hall of the Two Sisters in the Alhambra*. The Arabic inscription on the walls, rightly describes this picture and its original. "I am the Bower; truly, I appear decked out in beauty. Shouldst thou survey attentively my elegance, thou wilt reap the advantage of a Commentary on Decoration."

R. U.

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#### MAXIMS FOR MOTHERS.

MOTHER! thy love unto thy child,  
 Within thee deeply dwelling,  
 Is type of His paternal love,  
 All other love excelling.  
 Mother! if thou thy child dost love  
 As a mere child of dust,  
 The earthly nature will appear  
 To greet thy earthly trust.



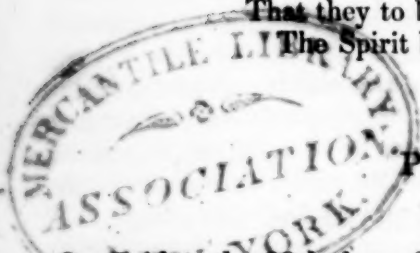
Mother ! if thy affections be  
 Alien to love divine,  
 Affections pure thy child will fail,  
 And thou must not repine.  
 But if thy love unto thy child  
 A godly love shall be,  
 Celestial feelings, godly powers,  
 Shall rule thy progeny.  
 Let thy child, Mother ! ever feel  
 That the high heavenly birth  
 Within it shall endure, when all  
 Of earth returns to earth.  
 Ne'er purpose for your child a chart  
 Directing how to steer,  
 But o'er Love's ocean, still let Love  
 Pilot the mariner.  
 Thou, Mother ! who for *God* thy child  
 Would'st truly educate,  
 Thyself to God, in childlywise,  
 Must truly dedicate.  
 Mother ! within thy young child's heart  
 Is sown the eternal seed  
 Of that Omnific word whereby  
 Creation was decreed.  
 In all the child hath love and faith :  
 From Inexperience this  
 Proceeds not, but of primal Love  
 The generation is.  
 Let your child find within its love,  
 The Love Divine that's there,  
 Still urging it to dwell above,  
 And leave the Vale of Care.  
 Let the child be early taught  
 To feel *that* second birth  
 Which exceeds in worth, when wrought,  
 The mother's bringing forth.  
 To your child do not that deed  
 It should not do to you ;  
 But in all your acts take heed  
 You have the right in view.  
 Corruption cannot purify  
 By acts of self elation ;  
 Souls must be ever glorified  
 By Love's new generation.  
 If from the sight of your dear child  
 Your faults you cannot hide,  
 Avow them freely, nor beguile  
 Its path through Error's tide.

The child sees life and motion  
In Nature's varied whole,  
And for its own devotion  
Seeks spirit in the soul.

Act not reverse to what you say,  
Lest you your child mislead :  
Mind your language, day by day,  
Till Love helps Light to plead.

That this may be sincerely done,  
Ere you elate its eye,  
Turn it to the heavenly sun,  
That it no fault descry.

Confucius taught, by holy writ,  
To those who feared to die,  
That they to live, must first permit  
The Spirit before the Eye.



## PORT NATAL.

### SECTION I.

ON Friday the 29th day of August, 1827, Lieutenant King, accompanied by Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, and the Rev. Mr. M'Clland and his lady, set sail in the brig *Mary* for the eastern coast of Africa. The principal object of their voyage was to relieve Mr. Farewell, who had been absent for more than sixteen months, on a very hazardous speculation to the eastward, among tribes, who it appeared, had never before seen a white man. The last accounts that had been heard of him, were by a vessel called the *York*, fitted expressly by the government, to ascertain whether the party were yet in existence. After great difficulties, this vessel reached the port of Natal, and returned with the following account: namely, that Mr. Farewell and his party had been very much distressed, and would willingly have returned, but from a part of them being absent in the interior, they remained, in the hope that they might be relieved by some vessel from Delagoa, Madagascar, or other neighbouring ports; for unless one be bound direct, an individual might remain for years before he would be enabled to escape.

Under these circumstances, Lieutenant King, having visited the quarter before, and being, moreover, a warm friend of Mr. Farewell, considered it his duty to render the enterprising adventurers every assistance in his power, and therefore undertook this voyage, with strong anticipations that he should effect the recovery of his long absent friend.

Their voyage proceeded prosperously, until they arrived off Port Natal (the locality in which they expected to find Mr. Farewell), when the *Mary* was wrecked in an unsuccessful attempt to pass the bar which runs across the mouth of the harbour. By the skilful conduct of her commander, the whole of the crew were saved; but

the prospect before them was sufficiently dreary. Every thing on the coast indicated a wild and uncivilised country, where nature had been lavish of her bounties, but where the art and industry of man had been little applied in improving her works. The scenery had an appearance of grandeur—there was verdure and spontaneous vegetation, but cultivation was applied only to occasional patches, and did not spread over regular spaces, or extensive plots.

Upon landing, they were met by a party of eight people, who appeared to have come from the eastern side of the bay, and to have walked to Point Fynn. Their appearance, however, was such as to give rise to no very pleasant forebodings. Six of the group appeared to be in a state of nudity; one was clad in tattered European garments, and the other wore a female garb, with her head tied up in a handkerchief. All our travellers' apprehensions however, proved to be groundless.

The man clad in European garments, turned out to be none other than Thomas Holstead, a youth belonging to Mr. Farewell's party. His companions consisted of one Hottentot woman in a dungaree petticoat, with a blue handkerchief tied round her head; five natives entirely naked; and a female with a piece of bullock's hide fastened round her waist, hanging to the knees, and made black with charcoal, and softened by frequent rubbing.

Lieutenant King enquired of Holstead, if Mr. Farewell and the whole of his party were alive, and if living, where the former resided? They found from Holstead's replies, that Mr. Farewell had gone, accompanied by Cane an attendant, on a visit to Challa, chief of the country; and that Mr. Fynn and another had proceeded to the district of the Amumponds, a tribe dwelling about two hundred miles to the westward, for the purpose of obtaining ivory.

The wreck lying on the rocks, Lieutenant King returned to her with her crew, to endeavour to get her into deep water. Mr. Isaacs, not being a seaman, and utterly inexperienced in such matters, found that he could render no very material assistance, and therefore accompanied Holstead to Mr. Farewell's residence. The place selected by Mr. Farewell for his residence, had a singular appearance, from the peculiar construction of the several edifices. His house was not unlike an ordinary barn, made of wattle and plastered with clay, and with only one door composed of reeds. It had a thatched roof, but was otherwise not at all remarkable for the elegance of its structure, or the capacity of its interior. The house of Cane was contiguous to that of Mr. Farewell, being about twenty yards from it, while that of Ogle was at a similar distance, and had the appearance of a roof of a house placed designedly on the ground, the gable end of which being left open, served as the door. Opposite Mr. Farewell's house, was a native hut in the shape of a bee hive, about twenty-one feet in circumference, and six feet high, built of small sticks, and supported by a pole in the centre. It was thatched with grass, and had an aperture about eighteen inches square, through which the owner crept into his mansion, when he was disposed to enjoy the sweets of repose.

The house, or rather hut, of Mr. Farewell above described, was



merely a temporary building, and not intended for any protracted residence. Even at the time of which we are writing, he had commenced building a fortress, which he proposed to call Fort Farewell. He meant it to cover a surface of about two hundred square yards, and it was to be constructed in the form of a triangle.

The travellers now began to consider for the future, and to devise means for extricating themselves from their present position. One only plan suggested itself as at all affording any hope, although the undertaking appeared laborious, if not nearly impracticable, namely, to build a small vessel of the materials saved from the wreck, with the aid of such native timbers as they might be enabled to procure suitable for such a purpose. This plan was accordingly determined upon, Mr. Hatton the chief mate, agreeing, as he was a practical shipwright, to superintend the work.

In some few days, Mr. Fynn arrived from the country of the Amampoatoes, a tribe inhabiting the banks of the St. John's river, a distance of about 200 miles from Natal. This gentleman, as we before stated, had been trading with the natives for ivory. For eight months he had separated himself from his solitary companion, Mr. Farewell, and had associated solely with the people with whom he sojourned. Mr. Isaacs and his comrades sat attentively to hear him detail his various adventures, the many vicissitudes endured by him, and the obstacles with which he had contended, not only in being often without food, and ignorant where to seek it; but in daily terror of being devoured by wild animals, or murdered by the savage natives. From necessity, he assumed the costume of the latter while with them, but resumed the European upon his return to his own habitation. It is almost impossible to convey a correct idea of the singular appearance of this individual when he first presented himself. Mr. Fynn is in stature rather tall, with a prepossessing countenance. From necessity, his face was covered with hair, he not having had an opportunity of shaving himself for a considerable time. His head was partly covered with a crownless straw hat, and a tattered blanket, fastened round his neck by means of strips of hide, sewed to cover his body, while his hands performed the office of keeping it round his "nether man." His shoes he had discarded for some months, whilst every other habiliment had imperceptibly worn away, until "there was nothing of a piece about him."

A few days after the return of Mr. Fynn, the English were visited by a Zoolu chief, named Enslopee, who resided in the vicinity of their abode, and had been commanded by Charka to offer protection to the white people, against the remains of a conquered tribe of bushrangers, who still lurked in the vicinity of their habitations. This was, however, a mere pretext for watching the "*Silquaners*" (beasts of the sea) as the natives called the white people, with motives of a not very friendly kind.

Enslopee appeared to be a good-humoured sort of a fellow, and was something of a mimic; he amused the whites, by making many ludicrous distortions, for which his countenance, not unlike that of a baboon, was peculiarly adapted. He did not appear to want any

portion of native address, but was very ready in extolling his sovereign, and with endeavouring to impress Mr. Fynn and the rest with a sense of his master's friendly designs. With no little adroitness at flattery, he evinced a desire to imitate Lieutenant King, whom he described as having a bold and commanding appearance, declaring that he only wanted an "*Umptcher*,"\* instead of clothes, and a black face, to qualify him for a Zoolu warrior. The "*Silguaners*" well knew by this, that he wanted them to give him clothes similar to those which Lieutenant King had on; with these he was soon furnished, upon which he became so enamoured with the present, that he quite forgot the object of his visit, and absolutely left "the beasts of the sea" in admiration, exclaiming that his wives would love him in his new attire, and that he could now show them what a "*Maloonga*"† (white man) was like. Mr. Isaacs accompanied him across the plat, when he entreated Mr. Isaacs to visit his Kraal, which was complied with.

His kraal and hut were similar to those of the other natives. Mr. Isaacs crept into it in a horizontal position when Enslopee assembled his wives, who, by their gestures seemed to have some difficulty in determining which of the twain pleased them best. The females were far from being ill-shaped or forbidding; their dress to be sure was not well adapted to exhibit their persons gracefully, being nothing more than a piece of prepared hide round their waists and hanging to their knees.

Enslopee, made signs indicating his desire that his visitor should pronounce which was the prettiest, which he did, when the sable damsel in an exceedingly modest manner, bent her head to the ground, while her husband and the other wives put their hands over their mouths as if surprised at the choice, although it afterwards appeared that it was congenial to their own. The eldest of the females now disappeared, but soon returned with an earthen vessel containing milk, which was thick and sour; she set it before Mr. Isaacs, and by taking a spoon and eating a little, made him understand that it was intended for a refreshment for him. The chief perceiving his disinclination to partake of the mess, grasped the vessel, and gave his wives a small share, and with gestures that would have made a stoic smile, in a trice disposed of the remainder to the no small astonishment of his more civilized visitors.

On the night of the 20th October (four or five days after their visit to Enslopee) Mr. Farewell arrived from his interior journey. The meeting of these two friends (Mr. Farewell and Lieut. King) under circumstances of so peculiar a nature, could not but be interesting to those who were witnesses of the scene; and the joy beaming on their countenances was too evident to admit of a moment's doubt, that the principals participated in the gratification which their dependants manifested.

\* A piece of hide, so fastened as completely to cover the hips. S. C.

† "*Maloonga*" is the regular native word for white man, and implies no disrespect — "*Silguaner*," on the contrary, is a word of reproach, and is never used but as such. S. C.

Mr. Farewell gave Lieut. King and his comrades some account of Charka,\* the then king of the Zoolus; of his cruelties to the natives and his hospitality to white people. He conjured them to be particularly cautious not to let his majesty know that the Mary had been wrecked, but to give out that they had been sent by the Cape authorities in search of him (Mr. Farewell); Jacob, the interpreter, having given him a splendid account of the Cape government.

The next event of importance that happened to our little company of wanderers was an expedition of part of their number to the king: their reception was friendly, and Charka did not seem at all indisposed to extend towards them his protection and countenance.

The account which these ambassadors gave of the Zoolu king, raised in Mr. Isaacs a strong desire to visit the interior. He accordingly set out upon his journey. Upon his arrival at the king's kraal, he found a multitude of persons congregated around it, who were seated in a half circle. Charka sat by himself on a large mat rolled up. Mr. Isaacs' natives saluted him after their manner, and their master after his European custom.

Charka asked our traveller whether he knew any thing about the Portuguese, stating that he had a Portuguese with him; and on Mr. Isaacs expressing a wish to see him, sent for that individual. The king then desired our traveller to go away; who not understanding the command, the interpreter dragged him away from one place to another, like a man confused and apprehensive. The natives all appeared alarmed as they approached the king, who sent for our countryman again, and presented to him a paper on which he had made some marks: these, he was directed to decipher, but not being competent to do so, and his interpreter being but a poor translator, they made but a sorry figure; when Charka turning to his people said, "He does not understand the *ungnorty*" (letter) and they replied "*Yubo Barlu*" ("Yes father, we see it"). After amusing himself at the expense of his guests the king directed them to retire to their huts.

On their next interview, Charka asked the Portuguese "who were the greatest warriors," when he replied, "that the English had subdued all the powers on the other side of the great water," upon which, his Zoolu majesty observed "King George's warriors are a fine set of men: in fact, King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites and I have subdued all the blacks."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Passing over a length of time, we shall take up our narrative when the "Maloongas" were obliged, in order to avoid the dangerous wrath of the king, to go and fight the "Umbatio," a small tribe, with whom Charka had been at war for some time, and had never been able to conquer. Charka, in his address to them before they set off upon their expedition, ordered them not to leave one alive, but to kill all, man, woman, or child belonging to the hostile tribe.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* For an extended account of the reign and acts of this king, see the January number of the New Series of Monthly Mag. S. C.



The enemy had taken up their positions in small detachments on the neighbouring heights. The whites advanced and ascended the hill that led immediately to them, expecting that the Zoolus would follow; but in this they reckoned without their host, for the Zoolus were observed getting off as fast as they could to the opposite side of the river, about a mile from the Maloonga station. This was a critical moment; but our countrymen did not want courage, and with one accord pushed for the summit of the hill, or rather the large rugged rocks, behind which the enemy had taken shelter.

In front of them, the Maloongas saw a small party of about fifty whom they attacked and defeated. The report of the muskets reverberated from the rocks, and struck terror into the enemy; they shouted and ran in all directions.

The Maloongas had just finished loading once more, when they perceived a large body of Umbatio approaching them, in the height of rage, and menacing them with destruction. Mr. Isaacs' party now began to feel some doubt, upon perceiving which he rushed forwards and got upon the top of a rock, when one of the enemy threw a spear at him, which he avoided by stooping down. He levelled and shot the savage dead. Upon this, his party fired too, and the whole of the savages ran off with great fear and trepidation. The whites now felt some confidence from their success, and advanced along the sides of the rocks to dislodge some few of the Umbatio, who had halted with a design to oppose the Maloongas, and hurled stones at their enemy with prodigious force, the women and children lending their aid with extraordinary alacrity. At last, however, after some hard fighting, during which Mr. Isaacs was wounded, the Umbatio retreated.

On the next morning the Maloongas followed up their success, but were this time accompanied by the Zoolu warriors. The Zoolu forces arranged themselves for the attack, as they thought in front of the enemy, but it turned out to be in front of the forest, for no enemy was to be seen. Three persons, however, belonging to the enemy made their appearance unarmed, on a conspicuous part of the mountain. Some of the Zoolus went towards them, and soon ascertained, to their great joy, that they were chiefs sent by the enemy to announce to the king's white people, that they had surrendered, and were willing to accept of any terms of peace, as "they did not understand the Maloonga way of fighting—did not know what roots or medicines they used; and therefore could not contend with people who spit fire as they did." They were now entirely subdued and became tributary to Charka.

This bravery quite restored the king's confidence in the settlers; and the schooner, now being in a fair way of completion, he determined to send a mission, "to show," he said, "King George, that he desired to be on terms of amity with him."

The schooner after indefatigable labour, having been at length completed, and found sea-worthy, this mission proceeded with Lieut. King to the Cape; but soon returned, without having produced any good result.

Mr. Farewell gave Lieut. King and his comrades some account of Charka,\* the then king of the Zoolus; of his cruelties to the natives and his hospitality to white people. He conjured them to be particularly cautious not to let his majesty know that the Mary had been wrecked, but to give out that they had been sent by the Cape authorities in search of him (Mr. Farewell); Jacob, the interpreter, having given him a splendid account of the Cape government.

The next event of importance that happened to our little company of wanderers was an expedition of part of their number to the king: their reception was friendly, and Charka did not seem at all indisposed to extend towards them his protection and countenance.

The account which these ambassadors gave of the Zoolu king, raised in Mr. Isaacs a strong desire to visit the interior. He accordingly set out upon his journey. Upon his arrival at the king's kraal, he found a multitude of persons congregated around it, who were seated in a half circle. Charka sat by himself on a large mat rolled up. Mr. Isaacs' natives saluted him after their manner, and their master after his European custom.

Charka asked our traveller whether he knew any thing about the Portuguese, stating that he had a Portuguese with him; and on Mr. Isaacs expressing a wish to see him, sent for that individual. The king then desired our traveller to go away; who not understanding the command, the interpreter dragged him away from one place to another, like a man confused and apprehensive. The natives all appeared alarmed as they approached the king, who sent for our countryman again, and presented to him a paper on which he had made some marks: these, he was directed to decipher, but not being competent to do so, and his interpreter being but a poor translator, they made but a sorry figure; when Charka turning to his people said, "He does not understand the *ungnorty*" (letter) and they replied "*Yubo Barlu*" ("Yes father, we see it"). After amusing himself at the expense of his guests the king directed them to retire to their huts.

On their next interview, Charka asked the Portuguese "who were the greatest warriors," when he replied, "that the English had subdued all the powers on the other side of the great water," upon which, his Zoolu majesty observed "King George's warriors are a fine set of men: in fact, King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites and I have subdued all the blacks."\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Passing over a length of time, we shall take up our narrative when the "Maloongas" were obliged, in order to avoid the dangerous wrath of the king, to go and fight the "Umbatio," a small tribe, with whom Charka had been at war for some time, and had never been able to conquer. Charka, in his address to them before they set off upon their expedition, ordered them not to leave one alive, but to kill all, man, woman, or child belonging to the hostile tribe.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* For an extended account of the reign and acts of this king, see the January number of the New Series of Monthly Mag. S. C.

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On the 7th of December, 1828, Lieutenant King died at Port Natal of a disease very common on that coast—a day which the survivors of this ship-wrecked party will long remember, as having bereft them of a most estimable companion, and sincere and gallant friend.

## SECTION II.

As a remuneration for the presents which we had expended upon Charka, and for the services he had rendered him, the Zoolu monarch created Mr. Isaacs, who now had determined to stay and form a settlement on the coast, Chief of Natal, and granted him all the tract of country between the river Umslutee to the river Umlass, a space of twenty-five miles of sea-coast, and one hundred miles inland, including the bay, islands near the point, and the exclusive right of trading with his people. After the king had made his mark or signature to the grant, the interpreter made his, which happening to be larger than the king's; Charka asked in a stern voice, how it was possible, that a common man's name should be greater than a king's? Insisting on having the pen and grant again, he scribbled and made marks all over the blank parts, and said, "there," pointing to his signature, "any one can see that is a king's name, because it is a great one. King George will also see that this is King Charka's name."

Charka also at this time (17th December), talked about sending John Cane to the Cape, to negociate a friendly alliance with the governor, and to obtain for him (Charka) such articles as he wanted, when the vessel should again be ready for sea. Soon after this, however, Charka came by his death, as related in a previous Number of this Magazine. This event made very little difference in the affairs of Port Natal, as his successor Dingarn was found to be as favourable to the Maloongas, as ever Charka was.

The "Colony," as the Maloongas termed their residence, now prospered exceedingly. It mostly consisted of natives who had attached themselves to the whites for protection. The number of these natives was considerable, and continued daily to increase. Dingarn had confirmed the grant of territory to Mr. Isaacs, making him in fact a kind of tributary king over it. It was soon, therefore, apparent that certain regulations must be made, and the whole settlement put under a regular government, if any thing like good order or friendship was to be expected among the mixed inhabitants, of the "Maloonga" country *y'clept* Port Natal. They accordingly established a "Senate," consisting of the principal persons among the natives, the business of which was to enact laws and try offences.

All this harmony, however, was interrupted by the imprudence of one of the settlers—John Cane. This individual had been dispatched by the king with Jacob, the interpreter, on a mission to the Cape. This mission was, like all the others, unsuccessful. To the surprise and astonishment of every one, Cane instead of proceeding, as he ought, at once to report to Dingarn, went to hunt the elephant, whilst Jacob and Ogle (his coadjutors), remained at home, without

hibiting any intentions of proceeding to the king to communicate the result of their mission to the Cape. Mr. Isaacs, having other business to transact with his Majesty, proceeded to the "palace."

On his road, he found that a great many mischievous reports were abroad. Intobaler (one of their friends), informed him, that it was said that Cane was only waiting under the pretence of hunting, for an "impee" (armed force), that was coming from the Cape to subdue the Zoolus under his guidance, and that a messenger from Jacob, the interpreter, had originally propagated the news.

Mr. Isaacs was exceedingly surprised at this information, and determined to make all haste to Dingarn to contradict it; being sensible how much it might operate to the Maloongas' prejudice.

Upon his arrival Dingarn asked him "whether it was possible that the report of the *impee* could be true?" Mr. Isaacs told him, that it was impossible that a Maloonga invasion could have been contemplated (much less on the eve of execution), without his having been apprised of it; and that if hostilities had been in agitation, it was not probable that he would have presented himself before his Majesty. "But," continued Mr. Isaacs, "if your Majesty have an idea that our countrymen are about to proceed here in any other character than as friends, I will remain with you until ye shall be convinced that the report is a gross fabrication." "I am perfectly satisfied," answered Dingarn, "of your innocence, as I am aware that you Maloongas do not tell lies; but I am angry with John Cane; I think he might deceive you, as well as me. His Caffres came here with goods from the British Colony. I was surprised he did not come with them, when they told me he remained at home on account of Thomas Holstead's indisposition. The next day my man, the messenger, arrived, and informed me, that John was at the river Umsluti, hunting the elephant: I then concluded that Jacob's report was true, and that John was waiting for the commands under the cloak of hunting. I did not care about the present, and should not have blamed him if he had returned without any thing; as I well knew that if the people on the other side of the water would not give him anything, he could not execute his mission. I blamed him for not coming, as he well knew that I was always anxious to hear news from the white people: but when I considered the matter, I saw that he was afraid to come, and that instead of attending to the mission he had undertaken, he had tried to injure me, by inducing the white people to prepare to fight against me. I therefore told the messenger to return, and summon the boys of Slome-en-line, proceed to his place, and take his cattle away; but I gave orders to them to go forward and apprise Mr. Fynn previously, that he might acquaint the Maloongas, and prevent any alarm. I further desired that Mr. Fynn should drive the fellow away from Natal, as he would be disturbing the peace we have so long enjoyed."

The king delivered this address, not with any angry gestures, but in a calm, deliberate way, which convinced Mr. Isaacs that he had confided a great deal in the integrity of Cane, and had found

his confidence abused. That Cane was censurable for not going forward to his majesty, to report the result of his mission, cannot be denied ; but that he should so far have forgotten his situation as to lose sight, not only of his duty, but his security, was surprising. With respect to Thomas Holstead, Mr. Isaacs knew that he was ill, and incapable of further travelling. Mr. Isaacs, therefore, told Dingarn, that he thought Jacob had borne animosity against Cane, and that a demand, made on a former trip against the latter, had occasioned a strife between them, which might have been the cause of the indifference of Cane in the present instance ; that he felt positive that as soon as the latter heard of the king's wrath, he would at once arrive, and give him every necessary explanation of his mission, and of the feelings of the people whom he visited. Dingarn answered, " I do not wish to see him again ; I wish you, very much, to drive him away."

After this, Mr. Isaacs told the king of the death of George the Fourth, and that his brother, William the Fourth, now filled the throne, as his hereditary successor. Dingarn, upon this, asked if the late king had any sons, and if a prince of England could dethrone his father. Mr. Isaacs assured him that there existed in England such affection between king and subject as made the former adored, and the latter respected ; and that the monarch, as father of his people, sought to rule over them, not with the rod of terror, but by laws mild and efficient ; whilst his subjects submitted to those laws, as people ought, who admired their sovereign and loved their country. The king of Great Britain, Mr. Isaacs also added, reigned in the hearts of his subjects, who were happy because they were secure ; and it was their union, the love borne by the people to the monarch, that made England invulnerable. Dingarn sat for a few minutes, as if in thought, and ruminating on our description of England and the English monarch ; but looking at Mr. Isaacs again, he said, with a smile of pleasure, " Ah ! your king must be a happy monarch, when he has to reign over such faithful and brave people."

Upon the departure of Mr. Isaacs for Port Natal, Dingarn said, " I have sent for Mr. Fynn ; if you meet him on his way I wish you to return together, and come to me again when your vessel arrives. I am sorry," continued he, " for what has happened ; but you have to blame John Cane, and not me. I have sent to have his cattle taken away, and if you see him in the bush, tell him to come here with Jacob, and his case shall be settled ; but time will prove whether false information has been sent to me ; if it be false, Jacob shall not go unpunished, I assure ye. If I knew that a *Maloonga impee* was coming against me, I would distribute the cattle to my people, and tell them to separate in all directions ; and, for my part, I would take only five men, and go where you should never find me ; and then what would your soldiers do for food ? Besides, I would poison our waters, which would be fatal to them."

" As you have not commenced hostilities," Mr. Isaacs replied,



"you have no danger to apprehend from the Cape colony forces : if they come at all, they will come as friends."

"I am always glad to see white people," observed Dingarn, "but I have given up all idea of fighting. I wish to enjoy myself with my nation, who have been fighting all their lives, under Charka—to cultivate the blessings of peace, and do every thing to promote the prosperity of my long harassed country. This is now my sole object; and nothing else occupies my mind, than how I shall govern in peace."

Mr. Isaacs now set out on his journey to Port Natal. When he had crossed Alligator river he met with two boys, with an implement of war, not unlike a lance. When asked the news, they declined telling, and made an effort to pass on. But, upon Mr. Isaacs insisting that they should impart what information they possessed, after a little hesitation they said, "they had left Cane place the day before, with the Zoolu force, which had taken sixteen head of cattle from Thomas Holstead. They knew not where John Cane and Mr. Fynn were gone, but that Holstead and the Hottentots were in Ogle's kraal. Proceeding on his way, a native man came running up to him, to say that the Zoolu chief wanted to speak to him. Mr. Isaacs repaired to the nearest kraal, and in a few minutes the chief arrived. He saluted the "Maloonga," and said, "I see you; give me the news from the king." Mr. Isaacs said that he had no news, but could perceive that the king's instruction had applied only to John Cane. Messengers had been sent to Mr. Fynn, to apprise him of the king's design, before any movement took place. The messengers, however, had not proceeded to Mr. Fynn's, as directed; consequently, hearing of the Zoolu march towards Cane, and that individual having sought refuge with him, Mr. Fynn thought it advisable to leave Natal. The whole of the people immediately fled to the bush for safety. Upon Mr. Isaac's asking the Zoolu chief what he meant by surrounding the premises by dawn of day, he said, "that he would have killed every soul in it."

Mr. Isaacs was now most anxious to reach Natal, to see what was to be done in this dilemma, arising from the treachery of the villain Jacob, the profound ignorance of the natives, and the impetuosity of the Zoolu commander.

When they arrived at Cane's kraal a dreadful scene of devastation became visible. The cat had been speared and skinned, the ducks were scattered, lifeless, about the place; not a living creature could be found—destruction marked the course of the insatiable warriors. From this point, however, they could perceive the brig Michael at anchor off the port, they quickened their pace to come up with it.

Dingarn's conduct in this affair, proved to the settlers that he was a complete dissembler, and that it would not longer be safe to abide with him. Upon Mr. Isaacs' arrival, Mr. Fynn and John Cane left the bush, and came to meet him, and the whole affair assumed a very sinister look; and it became very doubtful as to whether

Dingarn did not intend the destruction of all the Europeans. To avoid this, Mr. Isaacs' took a passage in the brig, and determined to return to England. Mr. Fynn, and John Cane and their people fled to the bush, thinking that it was best to weather out the storm.

This resolution was found to be the most prudent. Dingarn soon after found out the treachery of Jacob, had him killed, and invited Mr. Fynn, and the rest, to return to Natal; they did so, and the colony soon recovered its prosperity. Mr. Isaacs' flight was, therefore, premature.

#### SECTION III.

In 1834, Captain Gardener went out on a kind of philanthropic mission to the Zoolus. Upon his arrival at Port Natal, the settlers seemed to have been at their *acmé* of prosperity, for we find them drawing plans for building a town, which they proposed to call "D'Urban," after the governor of the Cape of Good Hope. They also petitioned the government that their territory should be elevated into a British colony, entitled "Victoria," but this was not attended to.

They do not, however, appear to have been on the best terms with Dingarn, king of the Zoolus, from their giving refuge to persons who fled from his wrath. This angered his sable majesty exceedingly; but the matter was settled by the parties entering into a treaty, whereby the settlers agreed to give up to the king all offenders who fled to them, *after the date of the treaty*, while he agreed not to molest any who might have taken refuge with the Europeans *before it*. This treaty appears to have been kept better by the Zoolus than the settlers.

Some time after this, a number of emigrant farmers, or Boers, from the Cape of Good Hope, directed their course to Natal, and Capt. Gardener was invested by the government with a commission, as special magistrate, under the act for taking cognizance of the conduct of the British in South Africa, beyond the limits of the British colonies. This commission did not arm him with any real power, but his acquaintance with the manners and customs of the Zoolus rendered his presence here, invested with nominal rank, very desirable.

It would appear, however, that Dingarn did not much relish the incursion of these new emigrants into his dominions, and, accordingly, despairing of overcoming them by force, took the opportunity of a large party of them, with their "commandant," Retref, repairing to the kraal of a Zoolu chief, for the purpose of concluding definitive arrangements, as to where they were to establish themselves, treacherously to cut them off. This act, of course, brought about a general rupture between the whites and blacks—open war being declared. In this contest, it seems that the Zoolus, at first, were the victors, having poured down upon the port and forced the settlers to fly for protection to the bush.

From these reverses, the settlers gradually recovered, and, from a letter lately received in England, dated December 22nd, 1838, from A. W. T. Pretorius, the "chief commandant" of the settlers, it

appears that, in a great pitched battle, they had defeated the Zoolus. This fight is most likely to terminate hostilities, as Major Charters has arrived with troops from the Cape, in order to make peace. It is also said that the settlers will still remain at Natal, whether that place is recognised as a British colony by our government or not.

S. C.

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THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

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(Continued from page 549.)

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ACT III.

*Before the palace of Menelaus at Sparta.*

*Enter Helen and chorus of captive Trojan women, Panthalis leader of the chorus.*

*Helen.*

I the much blamed—and much admired Helena  
Come from the shore where first the land of Greece we reached,  
Still reeling with the billowy motion of the wave  
Which bore us hither from fair Phrygia's fertile plain,  
Through Neptune's favouring hand and Eurus' mighty power,  
To our paternal bays upon its lofty-rearing back.  
King Menelaus there below rejoiceth now  
With all his bravest warriors at his blest return.  
Welcome, O welcome to me, lofty palace, thou  
That Tyndarus my father on the steep descent  
Of Pallas' hill on his return erected here !  
'Twas nobler than all Sparta's lofty palaces  
When I with Clytemnestra played here sisterly,  
With Castor too and Pollux grew in childish sport.  
Ye wings of these embrazened doors, all hail to ye !  
Once through your hospitable friendly opening  
It chanced that Menelaus, chosen out of all,  
Met me in glittering glory in a bridegroom's sort.  
Open to me again, that I the king's command  
May faithfully fulfil as it the wife becomes.  
Admit me now ! and everything behind me stay  
That up till now stormed round me big with mystery.  
For since securely I this holy spot forsook  
And sought Cythera's temple for a holy rite,  
And there the robber seized on me,—the Phrygian man,  
Much has occurred which men around with willing tongue  
Both far and wide relate, but he not willing hears  
Of whom the tale into a fable hath been spun.



*Chorus.* Thou glorious lady, disdain not  
 The worth of this highest possession !  
 For the greatest joy to thee only is given,—  
 The praise of such beauty as conquers all else.  
 The name of the hero before him sounds,  
 And proudly he strides,  
 Yet at once, his mind the stubbornest bends  
 To beauty, the tamer of everything.

*Helen.*

Enough ! The ship hath borne me hither with my spouse,  
 And now he sends me from him to his city forth ;  
 What his intent may be I cannot yet divine.  
 Come I as spouse ? Or come I as a queen indeed ?  
 Come I as victim for the prince's bitter pangs,  
 And for the long endured misfortunes of the Greeks ?  
 Vanquished I am, but whether captive know I not !  
 For to me promised the immortals fame and fate,  
 Ambiguous, beauty's ever doubtful followers,  
 Which even now, upon this threshold of my home,  
 Threatening and dark are standing present by my side.  
 Already did my husband rarely look on me  
 In the hollow ship, nor spoke he ought encouraging,  
 But opposite he sate as if on harm intent.  
 But now when to Eurotas' deep-bayed shore we came,  
 Borne on the waves when scarce the foremost ship's sharp beak  
 The land had greeted, as if moved by God, he spake :  
 Here will my warriors all in order disembark :  
 I will review them ranged upon the ocean shore,  
 But farther thou proceed,—along the holy bank  
 Covered with fruits where swift Eurotas winds along,  
 And o'er the moist and beauteous meadow guide thy steeds,  
 Until at last at that fair plain thou hast arrived,  
 Where Lacedemon, once a wide and fertile field,  
 Begirt by rugged mountains rises up on high.  
 The palace with its lofty towers enter then,  
 And gather there the maidens whom I left behind,  
 And call to thee the wise and aged stewardess.  
 Then let them show to thee the store of treasure rich  
 Which once thy father left behind, which I myself  
 In war and peace increasing e'er have heaped up.  
 In order wilt thou find them standing all : for this —  
 This is a prince's privilege that he shall find,  
 When he returneth, all things right within his house,  
 And all things in their place, as he hath left them there.  
 For nothing at his will to change the slave hath power.

*Chorus.* Refresh now at the glorious pile,  
 Which ever increaseth, eyes and soul ;  
 For beautiful chains and adorning crowns  
 Are pluming themselves and resting proud ;

But do thou step in and challenge them all,  
They'll prepare them swift.  
I joy to see beauty in battle contend  
'Gainst gold, 'gainst jewels and precious stones.

*Helen.* Then thus commandment further gave to me my lord :  
When thou hast seen at last in order all things round,  
Then take as many tripods as thou needful thinkst,  
And many kinds of vessels which the priest requires  
At hand, when he the hallowed sacrifice performs.  
The cauldrons, and the bowls too and the plates be there ;  
And be the purest water from the holy spring  
In lofty pitchers ; and the dry wood also there,  
Which soon will catch in flame have thou in readiness ;  
And lastly let there be a knife well sharpened there ;  
And all things which remain to thy good care I leave.  
So spake he, pressing me to part from him : but nought  
Which lives and breathes did he, the orderer, tell to me,  
Which he, in honour of the Olympian gods, would slay.  
'Tis strange indeed : and yet will I no farther care,  
But to the Gods' arrangement every thing will leave,  
Who that, which seemeth to them good, accomplish e'er ;  
Men may suppose it either good or think it ill  
Whate'er they think it, still it must endured be.  
Often the priest has raised on high the heavy axe,  
To the neck of the earth-bowed animal devoting it ;  
And yet could not perfect it through the hindrance of  
Approaching foes or intervention of the gods.

*Chorus.* What will occur thou canst not know !  
Enter, with courage, O queen,  
Enter in !  
Evil and good ever come  
Unexpected to men ;  
E'en when foretold us we credit it not.  
Did not Troy burn, and did not we see  
Death before our eyes, terrible death ;  
And are we not here  
Companions to thee, joyfully serving,  
See we not the glittering sun in the heavens,  
And of this earth the fairest  
See we not thee, we happy ones !

*Helen.* Be 't as it will ! whatever destined, it behoves  
Me to the palace to ascend without delay.  
The long unseen, and much desired and almost lost,  
Stands once again before my eyes, I know not how.  
My feet so lightly bear me not along the steps,  
The lofty steps, as when a child I leapt them o'er.

*Chorus.* Throw, O my sisters, ye  
Mournful and prisoners,

*The Second Part of Göthe's Faust.*

All your griefs to the distance ;  
 Share in your mistress' joy :  
 Share in fair Helen's joy,  
 Which to the hearth of her ancestors  
 Though with a foot late returning  
 Yet with a surer and firmer one  
 Joyfully now is approaching.

Praise ye the holy ones,  
 Kindly restoring ones,  
 The Deities—the home-leading !  
 Floats the unchained one yet  
 As upon pinions  
 Over the roughest, though vainly  
 The prisoner, with longings filled,  
 Over the prison's battlements forth  
 Stretching his arms, doth sorrow.

But a God laid hold on her  
 Her the distant ;  
 And from Ilion's fall  
 Bore her hither with him back  
 Into the newly-adorned—the ancient  
 Father-house,  
 After ineffable  
 Pleasures and torments,  
 Earlier youthful times  
 Refreshed to think on.

*Panthalis (as Chorus-leader).*

Come leave ye now the joy surrounded path of song  
 And towards the folding gates your glances turn.  
 Sisters, what see I ? Doth not now the queen return  
 With hurried steps and motion back to us ?  
 What is it, mighty queen, alas, and what could meet  
 Thee in thy palace halls, except thy servants greeting dear,  
 Which thus should shake thee : this thou canst not, queen conceal,  
 For I perceive abhorrence on thy lofty brow,  
 A noble anger, that contends with deep surprize.

*Helen (who has left the folding gates open) disturbed.*

Jove's daughter light and common fear beseemeth not,  
 Nor moveth her a quick and flighty hand of dread ;  
 And yet the horror, rising from night's bosom old,  
 Springing from time's commencement, rolling forth itself  
 As glowing clouds, out from a mountain's fire-abyss,  
 In many various shapes, might shake a hero's breast.  
 Thus have to day in horrid sort, the Stygian gods  
 So shown the entrance to my house, that willingly,  
 From the oft-stepped—the much-desired threshold, I  
 Would now withdraw, and part like a dismissed guest.



Yet no! I have retreated to the light, and ye,  
Whoe'er ye be, ye powers, shall drive me hence no more.  
I'll think on consecration, that the fire's glow  
Once purified, may hail the lady like the lord.

*Chorus Leader.*

Unto thy servants, who thee reverencing stand  
Around, O noble lady, tell what has befallen.

*Helen.*

What I have seen, your eyes themselves shall too behold,  
If ancient night hath not her phantom swallowed up  
Again into the wonder-bosom of her depths.  
And yet that ye may know 't, in words I'll tell it ye:  
When I made solemn entry in the darksome inner space  
Of the king's house, of duty great bethinking me:  
I was astonished at the empty passage's silentness.  
No sound of servants passing by industrious  
Struck on my ear, no busy hastening met my eye,  
No maid appeared before my sight, no stewardess,  
Who during former times, each stranger greeted well.  
But when I to the bosom of the hearth approached,  
There saw I by the remnant of the half extinguished ash,  
Seated upon the ground a woman, tall and veiled,  
Not like a sleeper, but more like a thinking one.  
With words commanding, I to work incited her,  
Supposing her to be the stewardess, whom perhaps,  
My husband's foresight, when he left, appointed here;  
Yet still infolded sits there the unmoveable:  
At last I threatened, and her right arm then she moved,  
As if to motion me away from hearth and hall.  
Angry I turned me from her, and with haste I come  
Up to the steps whereon aloft the Thalamus  
Raises its ornaments, and near the treasure room;  
But straight the wonder rouses swiftly from the ground,  
And stands commanding in my way, and shows itself  
In haggard vastness, with a hollow bloody look,  
Of strange appearance, and confounding eyes and soul.  
Yet do I speak to air; in vain I strive in words,  
To build before you, and create a form like hers.  
There is she! see! She dares to venture forth to light!  
Here are we masters, till the lord and monarch comes.  
These dreadful night-births, Phæbus, friend of beauty he,  
Drives back into their caves or tames to gentleness.

*Phorkyas (stepping on to the threshold between the door-posts.)*

*Chorus.* Much have I lived through, altho' my tresses  
Still wave youthfully over my temples!  
I have beheld too much of horror,  
Warlike misery, and Ilion's night,  
When she fell.

Through the beclouded—the dust-raising tumult  
Of thronging warriors, Gods I was hearing,  
Fearfully shouting, was hearing the discord  
Of brazen voices sound thro' the field,  
Towards the walls.

Ah, yet stood they, Ilion's  
Walls ; but the glow of flames,  
Spread from neighbour to neighbour on,  
Extending onward from here to there,  
With the waving of their own storms,  
O'er the nocturnal town.  
Flying I saw thro' the smoke and glow,  
And through the glance of the tonguèd flame,  
The approach of vengefully angry gods,  
Striding forms of great wonder,  
Gloomily and gigantic,  
Passing thro' fire-surrounded steam.

Did I see it, or did my spirit,  
Surrounded with anguish, image forth  
Such confusion ? O never  
Ne'er can I say : but certain  
Am I that with my eyes I see  
This frightful form before me ;  
Yes ! with my hands I could grasp it,  
Did not my fear from the dangerous  
Hold me back in terror.

O which of Phorceys'  
Daughters art thou ?  
For I must liken thee  
Unto that offspring :  
Art thou, perhaps, of the grey born,  
One eye and one tooth  
By turns possessing  
Aged ones, come here ?  
Dar'st thou, O monster,  
Come near to beauty,  
Or before Phœbus'  
Searching look show thee ?  
Yet may'st thou still step forward,  
For the hateful he ne'er beholds,  
For never has his holy eye  
Yet beheld the shadows.

Yet evil fate compels us,  
Compels us mortals, ah sorrow !  
To this ineffable eyesore,  
Which the contemptible, ever unblestèd,  
Stirs in us lovers of beauty.

Yet hear thou now, an thou dar'st  
To meet us, hear our curse,

Hear the threat of every blame  
Out of the cursing mouths of the happy,  
Who by the Deities are created.

*Phorkyas.*

The saying's old, and yet the meaning's high and true,  
That shame and beauty ne'er together, hand in hand,  
Went on their journey o'er earth's fair and verdant path.  
Deep and inrooted dwells in each an ancient hate,  
That wheresoe'er each other in their journeyings  
They meet, each from her adversary turns away;  
Then each again more passionately hastens on:  
Shame of affliction, but of boldness beauty full,  
Till Orcus' hollow night at length environs them,  
If old age coming hath not fettered them before.  
I find ye here, ye bold ones, from a stranger land,  
With haughtiness o'erfoaming like the shrilly train  
Of clanging cranes, that high above our heads adown  
From their long clouds pour forth their croaking sounds,  
Which the still wanderer to gaze above entice;  
And yet upon their onward course they move away,  
While he pursues his path: thus will it be with us.  
Who are ye then, who dare around the monarch's gates,  
To rage, like Mænads wild, or like a drunken band?  
Who are ye then, who dare to bay the stewardess,  
In dreadful howlings, as hounds bay the silver moon?  
And think ye then, I know not of what race ye are?  
Thou war-begotten, battle-nourished, youthful brood!  
Seducing and seduced, lascivious wanton band!  
Unnerving citizen's and warrior's strength alike!  
Thronged in my sight, ye seem me like a locust swarm,  
Pouring adown and covering verdant harvest-fields,  
Ye wasters of another's care! devourers ye,  
Annihilators of prosperity in bloom!  
Thou conquered, marketed, exchanged merchandise!

*Helen.*

Whoe'er the servants in the mistress' presence chides,  
On her prerogative encroaches daringly;  
That which deserves her praise, to her alone belongs  
To praise, and that to punish which shall merit it.  
And with the service well am I contented, which  
They rendered, when the lofty strength of Ilios  
Besiegèd was, and fell, and sank: nor less indeed,  
When we endured the miserable changeeful woe [selves.  
Which marked our course, when none think else but of them-  
Here also from this cheerful company, I expect the like;  
Not *what* the slave is, asks the lord, but *how* he serves,  
Therefore be silent, and no longer snarl at them.  
If thou hast kept the palace of the monarch well  
In the Dame's absence, that shall be for praise to thee;



But now that she in person comes, step back again,  
Lest 'stead of merited reward, thou punished art.

*Phorkyas.*

To threaten servants is a mighty privilege,  
Which a God-favoured ruler's lofty wife full well,  
Through wise behaviour of full many a year, deserves.  
Since thou, now recognised, thine ancient place of queen  
And of the lady of the house return'st to take,  
Receive the long time loosened reins, and govern now,  
Possess the treasures, and together us with them.

*Chorus leader.*

How ugly near to beauty seemeth ugliness.

*Phorkyas.*

How ignorant near prudence seemeth ignorance.

(*From this time the Choristers answer, stepping one by one out of the chorus.*)

*First Chorister.*

Tell of thy father Erebus—thy mother night.

*Phorkyas.*

Of thine own cousin Scylla, prithee, tell us now.

*Second Chorister.*

There's many a monster in thy genealogy.

*Phorkyas.*

To Orcus hence away! and seek thy kindred there.

*Third Chorister.*

Those who inhabit there are much too young for thee.

*Phorkyas.*

Address thyself to woo the old Tiresias.

*Fourth Chorister.*

She who Orion nursed was thy great grand-daughter.

*Phorkyas.*

I think that harpies reared thee up in dirt and filth.

*Fifth Chorister.*

Such cherished leanness, tell us, how thou nourishest?

*Phorkyas.*

'Tis not with blood, of which thou all desirous art.

*Sixth Chorister.*

Thou hunger'st after corpses, nasty corpse thyself!

*Phorkyas.*

In thy bold mouth are shining teeth vampyrian.

*Chorus-leader.*

Thine should I stop, if I but told thee who thou art.

*Phorkyas.*

Name thyself first, and then the riddle will be cleared.

*Helen.* Not angry but in grief, between you now I step,  
Forbidding strict this quarrel's angry noisiness!

For nought to rulers happen can more hurtful than  
A sworn and secret strife amongst the faithful slaves.  
The echo to his order then returns no more  
Well sounding back in action quickly finishèd ;  
No ! No ! It roars and rolls around self-willèdly,  
Round him, himself confused and chiding vainly all.  
Nor is this all ! in unrestrainèd rage ye have  
Called hither frightful shapes of unblest images,  
Which press around me, that I hurried feel myself  
Away to Orcus, spite of this paternal land.  
Is 't memory perchance, or madness seizes me ?  
Was I or am I *that* ? Shall I in future be  
*That* city desolator's dreamy frightful form ?  
The maidens shudder, thou who art the eldest here  
Thou stand'st collected, give me answer sensible.

*Phorkyas.*

He who remembers long and various happiness—  
To him at length God's highest favour seems a dream.  
But thou, thou highly favoured, without let or bound,  
In thy life's course, saw'st only love-inflamèd men,  
To boldest daring kindled quick of every kind.  
Already Theseus early seized thee, greedily,  
Strong as Alcides, formed in fine and noble mould.

*Helen.* He ravished me away a ten year slender roe,  
And shut me in Aphidna's hold in Attica.

*Phorkyas.*

By Castor and by Pollux soon deliverèd,  
A chosen band of mighty heroes sued for thee.

*Helen.* Yet silent love of all, I say it willingly,  
Patroclus won, the image of great Peleus' son.

*Phorkyas.*

To Menelaus yet thy father gave thee o'er  
The ocean-ranging home-preserving warrior.

*Helen.* He gave his daughter, gave his kingdom up to him  
And from that marriage sprang the fair Hermione.

*Phorkyas.*

Yet when he strove for Crete as his inheritance  
An all too charming guest to thee deserted came.

*Helen.* Of that half widowhood, ah ! why remind'st thou me ?  
And the destruction dire which issued out of it !

*Phorkyas.*

That voyage too to me a freeborn Cretan dame  
Brought dreadful slavery and long captivity.

*Helen.* Immediate he placed thee here as stewardess,  
With palace trusting thee and well-earned treasures too.

*Phorkyas.*

Which thou didst leave, fair Ilion's tower-surrounded town  
And unexhausted joys of love intent upon.

*Helen.* Remind me not of joys ! of all too bitter woe  
Infinity poured o'er my breast and luckless head.

*Phorkyas.*

They say that thou in double image didst appear  
Seen both in Ilion's walls and in Ægyptia.

*Helen.* The madness of my desolate mind confound thou not.  
What then I was, alas ! alas ! I know not now.

*Phorkyas.*

And then they say that from the hollow shadow realms  
Achilles ardently had joined himself to thee !  
Loving thee erst against all fates determining.

*Helen.* A spectre with him I as spectre was conjoined.  
It was a dream, and thus the tales themselves assert.  
I faint and to myself a spectre do become.

[*She sinks into the arms of the Semichorus.*]

*Chorus.* Be silent ! Be silent !

Thou evil-looking and evil-speaking one !  
Out of thy one-toothed horrible  
Lips ! What can forth issue  
From such a fearful horrible gulf !  
For a malign one gentle appearing,  
The rage of the wolf 'neath the fleece of the sheep,  
Is far more terrible in my sight  
Than the jaws of the three headed hound.  
Anxiously listening here we stand !  
When ? How ? Where will break forth  
All the deep louring  
Monstrous fury of such malice ?  
And now, 'stead of friendly and comforting story  
Lethe-inspiring and full of sweet mildness,  
Up from the times that are past hast thou raised  
More of evil than good ;  
And at the same time darkenest  
Both the sheen of the present,  
And the mildly  
Glimmering gentle light of the future.  
Be silent ! Be silent !  
That the queen's bright spirit  
Just to escape prepared,  
May remain, and keep firmly  
The fairest of all the forms  
That ever the sun hath beheld.

[*Helen recovers and stands in the midst again.*]

*Phorkyas.*

Of this day thou lofty sun, thou, from these fleeting clouds come forth,  
That, who e'en when veiled delightest, now in blending glory rul'st  
As the world, to thee unfolding seems, do thou upon us look,  
Even though they rate me hideous, yet I know the beauteous well.



*Helen.*

Tottering step I from the lonesome which me fainting came around,  
Willingly I'd seek repose, so tired and weary are my limbs,  
Yet the rulers it beseemeth—all men it beseemeth well  
To collect and man their spirits, whate'er threatening them surprise.

*Phorkyas.*

Now thou standest in thy greatness, in thy beauty as before,  
Thy look tells thou would'st command us, what command'st thou? Tell  
it forth.

*Helen.*

Your contentions bold delaying to atone for be prepared,  
Hasten to prepare an offering as the monarch gave command.

*Phorkyas.*

In the palace all is ready, dishes, tripod and sharp axe,  
To besprinkle and be-incense; now the victim tell to us.

*Helen.* That the monarch did not tell me.

*Phorkyas.*

Told thee not? O word of woe!

*Helen.* What's this grief that falls upon thee?

*Phorkyas.*

Queen, 'tis thou, 'tis thou art meant!

*Helen.* I?

*Phorkyas.*

And these.

*Chorus.*

Oh woe and sorrow!

*Phorkyas.*

Thou wilt perish by the axe.

*Helen.* Dreadful! Yet I thought it, wretched!

*Phorkyas.*

Unavoidable it seems.

*Chorus.* Ah! And we? Oh, what will happen?

*Phorkyas.*

She will die a noble death;—

On the lofty beam within there which the palace gable bears,  
As within a snare the thrushes, ye will sprawl in lengthy rows.

*(Helen and Chorus stand astounded and terrified in expressive well arranged groups.)*

*Phorkyas.*

Spectres!—like statues petrified ye 're standing there,  
Dreading to part from day which not to you belongs.  
Both men and spectres too together like to ye,  
Not willingly renounce the sunshine glorious;  
Yet the conclusion none can pray or save them from;  
All know it, yet to few it is agreeable.  
Enough! Ye all are lost!—Quick therefore to the work!

*(She claps her hands;—enter at the doors masqued dwarfish forms, who readily perform the commands she has pronounced.)*

Come here, ye monstrous forms, gloomy and round as ball,  
Roll yourselves hither, ye may injure here at will:

*Helen.* Remind me not of joys ! of all too bitter woe  
Infinity poured o'er my breast and luckless head.

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who readily perform the commands she has pronounced.)*

Come here, ye monstrous forms, gloomy and round as ball,  
Roll yourselves hither, ye may injure here at will:



Make room for th' altar portable, the golden horned;  
 Let the axe gleaming lie upon the silver rim;  
 Fill up the water jugs to wash away again  
 Of the black flowing blood, the stainings horrible.  
 Spread out the costly carpet here upon the dust,  
 So that the victim may in queenly sort down kneel,  
 And in it though with separated head may lie  
 Infolded, and in decent form entombed be.

*Chorus Leader.*

Wrapt up in thought aside the royal lady stands,  
 The maidens droop around like meadow grass when mown;  
 Me seems it right the eldest, as in duty bound,  
 With thee, thou primal ancient one, a word to speak.  
 Experienced art thou, wise and seem'st to mean us well,  
 Although this brainless throng misjudging scoffed at thee.  
 Say then, O say, what rescue possible thou know'st.

*Phorkyas.*

'Tis easy said, the queen alone hath power now  
 To rescue both herself and you appendages.  
 But yet it needs resolve, and that the quickest too.

*Chorus.*

Honour-worthiest of the Parcae, wisest of the Sybils, thou,  
 Keep in sheath the golden scissors, light and saving tell us of,  
 For in swinging, waving, dangling unagreeably we feel  
 Our limbs which erst in dancing rather moved them joyously,  
 Then upon loved bosom resting.

*Helen.*

Regard not these poor tremblers! Grief I feel, no fright;  
 Yet, know'st thou rescue, it will be with thanks received.  
 To prudent and far-sighted ones the impossible  
 Appears oft possible. So speak and tell us it.

*Chorus.*

Speak and tell, O tell us swiftly: how shall we escape the dreadful,  
 Awful nooses, which, all threatening, as of ornaments the vilest,  
 Round our necks themselves are drawing? we anticipate, we wretched,  
 Want of breath and suffocation, if thou high and lofty Rhea,  
 Of all deities the mother, dost not pity,

*Phorkyas.*

And have ye patience the proposal's lengthy train  
 To hear in silence? For the story's manifold.

*Chorus.* Patience enough to hear! Listening meanwhile we live.

*Phorkyas.*

He who in watch at home his noble treasure guards  
 And knows his lofty palace walls well to cement,  
 And from the rain's descent his roof to make secure,  
 He through a long life will be ever fortunate;  
 But he who easily his threshold's holy beam  
 With hasty feet strides over guiltily,

When he returns he finds again the ancient place ;  
Yet all around is changed, if not quite overthrown.

*Helen.* Declare, what mean such old and well-known proverbs here !  
If thou relat'st, touch not the disagreeable.

*Phorkyas.*

It is historical, and noways a reproach,  
From bay to bay king Menelaus pirating  
Steered, and both shores and islands coasted hostilely,  
With booty home returning, such as lies within.  
Ten long-long years he passed away at Ilion,  
And how long time he was returning know I not.  
But how with Tyndarus's lofty palace here,  
Now doth it stand ? How doth the kingdom stand around ?

*Helen.* Is then abuse with thee so far incorporate,  
That thou without reproaching canst not ope thy lips ?

*Phorkyas.*

The valley ridge so many years stood desolate,  
That behind Sparta northwards rises to the heavens,  
With Taygetus behind, where as a cheerful brook,  
Eurotas rolls adown and then amid the vale,  
Flowing through rushes broad your swans still nourisheth.  
There, in the valley ridge behind, a people bold  
Itself has settled, pressing from Cimmerian night,  
And hath piled up a castle inaccessible,  
Whence land and folk around they pillage as they please.

*Helen.* Could they accomplish that ? Impossible it seems.

*Phorkyas.*

They have had time indeed, perhaps 'tis twenty years.

*Helen.* Is it one horde ? Or many robbers, and allied.

*Phorkyas.*

They are not robbers, but one is the master there ;  
Although he hither came to me, I blame him not.  
He could have taken all, and yet contented was  
With few free gifts, so called he them, and tribute not.

*Helen.* How is his look ?

*Phorkyas.*

Not ugly, me he pleases well.

He is a cheerful, daring, and well form'd man,  
As few among the Greeks ; of understanding too.  
We call them all barbarians, yet I cannot think,  
That any is so dreadful, as at Ilion,  
Full many a hero cannibalish showed himself.  
His greatness I respect : to him would trust myself.  
And then his castle ! ye should see it with your eyes !  
That's something different from the great coarse wallwork, which  
Your fathers rolled aloft at random up in heaps,  
Cyclopish like to Cyclops, rough stones hurling up  
Upon rough stones : but on the contrary, there all

Make room for th' altar portable, the golden horned;  
 Let the axe gleaming lie upon the silver rim;  
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*Phorkyas.*

The valley ridge so many years stood desolate,  
That behind Sparta northwards rises to the heavens,  
With Taygetus behind, where as a cheerful brook,  
Eurotas rolls adown and then amid the vale,  
Flowing through rushes broad your swans still nourisheth.  
There, in the valley ridge behind, a people bold  
Itself has settled, pressing from Cimmerian night,  
And hath piled up a castle inaccessible,  
Whence land and folk around they pillage as they please.

*Helen.* Could they accomplish that ? Impossible it seems.

*Phorkyas.*

They have had time indeed, perhaps 'tis twenty years.

*Helen.* Is it one horde ? Or many robbers, and allied.

*Phorkyas.*

They are not robbers, but one is the master there ;  
Although he hither came to me, I blame him not.  
He could have taken all, and yet contented was  
With few free gifts, so called he them, and tribute not.

*Helen.* How is his look ?

*Phorkyas.*

Not ugly, me he pleases well.  
He is a cheerful, daring, and well form'd man,  
As few among the Greeks ; of understanding too.  
We call them all barbarians, yet I cannot think,  
That any is so dreadful, as at Ilion,  
Full many a hero cannibalish showed himself.  
His greatness I respect : to him would trust myself.  
And then his castle ! ye should see it with your eyes !  
That's something different from the great coarse wallwork, which  
Your fathers rolled aloft at random up in heaps,  
Cyclopish like to Cyclops, rough stones hurling up  
Upon rough stones : but on the contrary, there all

Is horizontal, regular, perpendicular.  
 But see it from without ! It strives aloft to heaven,  
 So straight, so well proportioned, mirrorlike as steel.  
 To clamber here—why even the thought slips down again.  
 And in the court yards lofty space, and all about  
 Begirt with buildings of all sorts and kinds around :  
 Pillars, pilasters, arches, archlets see you there,  
 Balconies and galleries inward—outward to be seen,  
 And arms.

*Chorus.*

What are arms ?

*Phorkyas.*

Ajax carried erst  
 A coilèd snake upon his shield as ye have seen,  
 Then too the seven before Thebes bore picturings,  
 Each one upon his shield, and all of meaning full.  
 There saw we moon and stars upon the nightly sky,  
 And Goddess, hero, ladder, sword and torches too,  
 And whate'er violently threatens mighty towns.  
 Such picturings our band of heroes also bear.  
 From their far numbered ancestors in coloured sheen,  
 There see you lions, eagles, claws and also beaks,  
 And buffalo horns, and wings and roses, peacock's tails,  
 And stripes of gold, and black and silver, blue and red.  
 Such things hang in the halls in lengthy rows along,  
 In those halls boundless as the world itself is wide :  
 There might you dance !

*Chorus.*

O tell us are there dancers there ?

*Phorkyas.*

The best ! a golden haired and active band of youths ;  
 Who smell of youth ! So Paris only smelt before,  
 When he came once too near the queen.

*Helen.*

Thou fallest now,  
 Quite from thy part. Come, the conclusion tell to me.

*Phorkyas.*

Thou mak'st the end alone, if Yea, thou plainly say'st,  
 At once I will surround thee with that castle's walls.

*Chorus.*

Say the short word, and save together us and thee.

*Helen.*

How ? Shall I fear that monarch Menelaus will  
 So fearfully forget himself to injure me ?

*Phorkyas.*

Hast thou forgotten then, how thy Deiphobus  
 The brother of the slaughtered Paris, cruelly  
 He mutilated, him who fought for thee, the widow sad,  
 And gained thee happily,—he lopped off nose and ears  
 And mutilated more : 'twas horror to behold.

*Helen.* To him he did it : for my sake he did it then.

*Phorkyas.*

Be sure that for his sake to thee the like he'll do,  
Beauty is indivisible: he who possessed  
The whole, destroys it rather than he'll lose a part.

(*Trumpets in the distance, the Chorus shudders.*)

How sharp the trumpet's clangor strikes on ear and heart,  
Asunder tearing! Thus her talon's jealousy  
Plants fast in that man's bosom, who can ne'er forget  
That what he once possessed and lost, he has no more.

*Chorus.*

Hear'st thou not the trumpet sounding? [glittering arms?  
See'st thou not the

*Phorkyas.*

Welcome, welcome Lord and master, willing reckoning I will give.

*Chorus.*

But for us?

*Phorkyas.*

Ye know it clearly, death ye see before your eyes.  
See your coming death within there! No, there is no help for you.  
(*Pause.*)

*Helen.* I have determined that which next I dare to do.

An evil demon art thou: that I well perceive,  
And fear that thou wilt turn at last e'en good to ill.  
Yet for all this, I'll follow to that castle thee;  
All other know I; what the queen therewith may hide,  
Far in her bosom's depths mysteriously beneath,  
Shall be to all unsearchable. Now, old one, lead before.

*Chorus.* O how willingly fly we hence  
With hurrying feet;  
Behind us death,  
And again before us  
Of towering fortress  
Walls inaccessible.  
As well they may shield us  
As Ilion's tower,  
Which only at last  
Bowed to contemptible craft.



(*Clouds spread around, hide the background, and the neighbourhood, at will.*)

How? But how!  
Sisters look round you!  
Was it not cheerful day?  
Clouds are hovering up in streaks  
Out of Eurotas' holy stream;  
Already the lovely—the reed-surrounded  
Shore has vanished from our sight,  
And the free, the gracefully proud,  
Softly gliding swans,



Swimming in social joy  
I see, alas! no more!

Yet, Ah! yet  
I hear them sounding,  
Sounding with distant hoarse sound!  
Death announcing, they're singing;  
Ah, that it may not for us,  
Instead of promised salvation,  
Announce destruction at last.  
For us—the swan like  
The long-necked, the white-necked, Alas!  
To our swan-begotten one!  
Woe to us, woe, woe, woe!

Mist shrouds us all around,  
No more can we see each other!  
What happens? Do we walk?  
Or only hover  
With tripping step over the soil?  
Seest thou nought? did not  
Hermes pass over?  
Did not his golden staff glitter commanding,  
Ordering us back to the joyless, the gloomy—  
Full of incomprehensible pictures—  
The o'erfilled yet ever empty Hades?

Yes, at once it dark becometh, mist unshining round is waving,  
Greyly darkening brown-like walls. And walls our glances now are  
meeting.

Our free glances straight opposing. Is 't a court? A deep trench is it?  
Horrible in either case still! Sisters, woe, we now are captives,  
Captives now as erst we were.

*(Inside of Castle Court, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of  
the middle ages.)*

*Chorus Leader.*

O'er-quick and foolish, truly genuine womankind!  
Depending on the moment, sport of every wind  
Of fortune or misfortune, yet ye never can  
Bear either of these forms with equanimity.  
One ever keenly contradicts the other, and  
The others crossways it in constant change alway.  
With a like sound in joy and woe ye laugh or weep.  
Silence now! Listen what our lofty queen for us  
And for herself may now decide from careful thought.

*Helen.* Where art thou Pythonissa? Or whate'er thy name,  
Out of the dark vaults of this gloomy castle step.  
If thou perchance art gone, the wondrous hero-lord  
To tell of my approach, reception good to cause,  
So take thy thanks and quickly lead me in to him;  
Conclusion of my wanderings wish I and repose.

*Chorus Leader.*

Vainly, O queen, thou look'st on all sides round thee here ;  
The monstrous form has passed away, remained perhaps  
Among those clouds, out from whose bosom hither we,  
I know not how, are come, swift and without a step.  
Perhaps she wanders doubtful in the Labyrinth  
Of this one wondrous tower which is from many formed,  
Seeking the Lord and King for princely welcome's sake.  
Yet see, above there stirring all prepared in throngs,  
In galleries and at the windows, and the portals, swift  
Hither and thither moving many menials,  
Announcing to us high and kind reception here !

*Chorus.*

High beats my heart ! See there now, O see,  
How modestly down with tarrying step,  
A fair youthful throng all gracefully move  
In orderly march : How ? At whose command  
In rows and in ranks so well trained appear  
This noble assembly of beautiful youths ?  
What most to admire ? Their elegant walk,  
Or the ringlets that hang round the dazzling white brow,  
Or their cheeks which are red as the peach's ruddy glow,  
And covered like them so softly with down ?  
I'd willingly bite, yet shudder to taste,  
For in a like case, O horrid to say !  
The mouth was all filled—but with ashes.

But the most beautiful  
Are coming onward ;  
What are they bearing ?  
Steps to the throne,  
Tapestry and seat,  
Curtains and all  
The adornments of tents ;  
Hovering above  
Cloud-garlands forming  
O'er our queen's head :—  
Now hath she ascended,  
Invited, the lofty couch.  
Nearer advance,  
Step by step  
Range yourselves solemnly.  
Worthy, O worthy, threefold worthy  
Blessed shall such a reception be !

(*All that the Chorus says is done by degrees.*)

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## LIBRARY MONOLOGUE.

## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

WE are in our library alone!—Dear brown room! a very sanctuary hast thou become to us. Many are the days since we were introduced to thy antique physiognomy; yet our love is constant, and our proved faith inclines us to believe that thou wilt take our coquetry in good part. We were prejudiced against thee on first acquaintance. Even as we speak, returns the vision of rusty curtains, tarnished brass wires, armless chairs, cushionless stools, and rent carpeting. Never will we again take furniture at any valuation—save our own.

We had a heart pervaded by all friendly influences; patience had we, and our reward was not withheld. Praise be to Jenny Brown. A den of dust, a receptacle for worn-out loom-work, and superannuated upholstery, was transformed into the beau-ideal of apartments, dignified, but not austere; cheerful, but not frivolous; solemn as a temple, not dark as the chamber of duresse.

Solemn as a temple—yes, we were not unadvised in that expression; no cathedral more consecrated than our library, no abbey more hallowed than our brown room. Here have spirits trod—here have we communed with Plato, poet and prophet of civilisation's dawning age—here, in summer hours, hath Spenser conjured up to us the scenes of "faëry"—here has the majestic Milton admitted us to converse with sublime impersonations—here has Shakspeare drawn aside the curtain, and disclosed the panorama of scenes and beings more mortal in their material existence than in his spiritual delineations. Here, too, has the world of our own soul been visited by the celestial embassy; and the mysteries of existence, the glories of the immaterial hereafter, the subtleties of emotion, the dispensation of pro-pathy, have been registered in memory's unfading chronicle; and, from its perusal, we ever arise conscious of a nobility too exalted for pride. Thus it is, that though no foot

of friar hath passed its threshold, though no ritual of priest hath broken its silence, our room is a very temple alien to outward ceremonies, but sanctified by its association with the human heart—that shrine where every worthy offering is made, and every acceptance of worship vouchsafed.

Presentation-copies of new books are welcome to a critical editor. A large proportion of such are of a poetical kind—at any rate in a metrical shape. Say, what they will, this is a verse-spinning age—and it is because so much verse is printed, that so little of it sells. But among the illustrious obscures are many deserving of recognition—others, too, have lived for a day, then fallen into neglect, though deserving yet to live. Of these THOMAS WADE is a poet of great excellence. Some years ago, his drama of "Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience," founded on the old Tale of Griselda, so well told by Italian Boccace and English Chaucer, was performed, with Charles Kemble for its hero, on the boards of Covent Garden theatre; where now, being neither baronet nor member of parliament, he cannot hope to tread. Great as are Macready's merits, there is a weak point here, which is as the canker to the fair rose of his renown. But, to pass on, we give the title of Mr. Wade's last production—*PROTHANASIA, AND OTHER POEMS*, By THOMAS WADE. London. John Miller, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. 1839.

Mr. Wade is an Æon-land, and ideas are native to its development, as sun-beams to the orb of light.

To know the story of sweet Gunderode,  
Is to know much of sadness, and that  
worm

Still at the core of things: to know it not,  
Is to be ignorant of much of grace,  
Sweetness and love; and thought as delicate

As the moist breaking of the spring-time  
buds.

At Frankfort, in the dwelling of a man  
By men since crowned with immortality,



If memory be immortal ; in the midst  
Of poets, painters, sculptors and musicians,  
Statists, and unsurpassed philosophers ;  
Sat, in her beauty and her innocence,  
The lady Gunderode.

Her lover enters—"with wine inspired, to pluck the rein from off his mettled talk"—and he talks of woman, talks extravagantly of her beauty, and of man's love being dependent on its continuance. "Let her," he says—

"Let her, if love from me be life to her,  
And a profession which she coveteth  
To bear impressed upon her consciousness,  
At its recession to the Heart of Things ;  
O, let her not be visible to sense  
When on her beauty comes the stain of years ;  
But glitter from all sight as doth a dew-drop,  
Which now the eye sees on the eglantine,  
And momentarily inlidded, sees no more !"  
O insolence of life—redundant youth !  
O folly of all thought one moment old !  
O vanity and danger of wild words !  
This raver unadvised, this slave of impulse  
Died very wrinkled and exceeding grey,  
On the last verge of man's extremest hour,  
And smiling peacefully : but so it was not  
With that pale listener, silent Gunderode.

Afterwards we are told,—how poetically—that

The spirit of thought within her shrined,  
Became, like the insect of the lavender,  
In a strange self-effusion dimmed and hidden.

Bettine, according to Mr. Wade, is the friend of Gunderode, after she became "a lone canoness" of a Frankfort convent. Such had been the effect of the idle speech.

To read  
Books with a clear and understanding soul  
Bettine learned of thoughtful Gunderode ;  
And from the poesy her genius breathed  
In worded music, drew that subtle lore  
Which teacheth how to call from every life cloud,  
A lightning that strikes dead familiar things,  
And how to revel in that spiritual wonder,  
Which teemeth from their ashes, incense-like.

Bettine is, however, startled at the "revelations" thus made by Gunderode, of unsuspected meanings in sentence and section. She sickens

under the influence of such communion. The following passage is very powerful :—

"New motive and more potent argument,  
For the fulfilment of her calm resolve,  
Drew Gunderode from the sick couch of Bettine :

And when, with health replenished in her limbs,  
Blushed on her cheeks, and raying from her eyes,  
And toning the voice-music of her lips,  
The pupil sought again her academe ;  
She found its quick preceptress stirred and laughing,  
And ready to let loose all eager thoughts  
That press'd the barr'd gates of her utterance.

"The busy world," she said, all mockingly ;

"The idle world—most idle in its toil,  
And toiling in its happiest idleness !—  
The foolish world ; the ignorant suicide,  
That kills itself with care, and knows it not !—

And shuts from suicides its holy graves,  
And casts them to the highways and the woods,

To be the fellow-dead of helpless creatures,  
Which, holding o'er their life no will-throned power.

Must live, howe'er they suffer !—What, Bettine,  
Is this still ignorantly censuring world  
To Gunderode ?—I have been prating,  
Dear !

With a young body-dealer ; one who deals  
With the grosser parts of man and woman-nature ;

Who bloods and physics ; plucks frail teeth from jaw,

And yields the eye more after-pain, than present

Unto the part bereaved ; who delicately  
Cuts into human flesh, and human limbs  
Lops with a grace to shame a posture-master ;

Who over a gashed human carcase revels,  
Gluttoning on knowledge anatomical ;  
And, with hands buried near his brother's heart,

Censures tired people who will kill themselves,

And load his learning with another book !  
And after an absolution, verily,  
Will come to me, the living counterpart  
Of that dire death-mass which still odors him,

'Spite of pure water and sweet lavender,  
And angel me with epithets !—God !—  
Bettine,

They stagger me with wonder, do these men.

I asked of this same death-drag, this deferrer—

(Save on some odd occasions, when he hastens,

By scientific accident, the flight,  
 He's palm-plied to prevent)—I asked, I  
 say,  
 Of this vain wrestler with a doom assured,  
 And puny putter-off of striding fate  
 Where sharp death, bodkined on a dag-  
 ger's point,  
 Could readiest be made inmate of the  
 heart?  
 He stared upon me with an ignorant eye,  
 And told me—Even here!"—The canoness  
 Laid bare her beauteous bosom; and one  
 finger  
 Placed o'er the fountain of its beating life,  
 And cried—"Here, here, Bettine!"

Next day the chamber of the canon-  
 ess is empty. Gunderode has "gone  
 unto the Rheingau." The third part  
 presents us with the scene, at morning  
 and at evening, and, as a mid-point  
 between the two periods, the solilo-  
 quist and the suicide—Thereafter,

"A boat came floating up the quiet  
 Rhine,  
 And earnestly talked they who sat there-  
 in—  
 Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:  
 The boatman moored his bark beside the  
 willow,  
 She leapt upon the bank; and on the  
 corse  
 Fell, like another death.

Ah! this our Life  
 Is a moth's twilight-flight, discerned dim  
 In the mysterious air a little while,  
 And then beheld no more: a dreamy  
 cloud  
 Of light and gloom, which melts into the  
 wind,  
 Even as we gaze. Weep not for Gunde-  
 rode!

Some sixty years ago, Mr. Wade's  
 poems would have procured for him a  
 celebrity, to achieve which still higher  
 aims than his are now requisite. To  
 the past generation, he would have  
 presented glimpses of the ideal suf-  
 ficiently in the van of the material, to  
 gratify those mysterious longings  
 which motive even prosaic men; yet  
 "Prothanasia," "Helena" *et hoc genus*,  
 by their connection with the apparent,  
 and (perhaps we may say) the super-  
 ficial, would have earned popularity  
 with the mere apprehenders of the  
 tangible.

The present era, is however distin-  
 guished by a mental development,  
 which may not be satisfied by the in-  
 cidental and descriptive alone, but  
 which values these in the precise pro-  
 portion that they refer to invisible

realities. The Novelist, the Drama-  
 tist, and the Poet, who, skilled in all  
 grace of illustration, and vividness of  
 detail, shall not make these *artistically*  
 expressive or a law felt in the human  
 soul, and manifested in aspects divers  
 as human spirits, may soon look in  
 vain for an auditor or a reader. And  
 yet on the other hand, who is he that  
 dares aspire to interpret the sublime  
 oracles of natural beauty, scientific  
 phenomena and historic incident, as  
 constituents of the Delphic universe?  
 Truly, whoever would minister in this  
 temple, must do so with pure hands.  
 In other words, he who would touch  
 sacred things, must himself be sancti-  
 fied. Sanctity is the poet's great  
 qualification; let him forsake, then,  
 the profane arena where the idolators  
 of passing shows do deadly battle for  
 a perishable guerdon. Let him be  
 moved further and further from the  
 contention and the tumult, nearer and  
 nearer to the peaceful and the silent;  
 further from temporal exhibitions,  
 nearer to received inspiration; further  
 from the competition of the grasping,  
 nearer to the benevolence of the giving,  
 further from modes, and nearer to  
 spirit. Would we then have the poet  
 a hermit, a denizen of the woods, a  
 recluse—Yea and No. From the  
 fierce scenes of selfish struggles, we  
 would have him exiled as a partizan,  
 yet present as an apostle. From all  
 selfish contest we would have him  
 divorced in feeling, yet not absent in  
 person. Not absent in person; it  
 were dereliction from duty for him to  
 be so. In constant union with holy  
 impulse, he will give to society all the  
 benefit of his activities, and be preserv-  
 ed from contamination, by the sacred  
 amulet wherewith love has gifted him.  
 Let him who would be pure in heart,  
 listen to the eternal utterances of love  
 in his own soul, and conform his con-  
 duct thereto. Sanctity comes not by  
 leaving worldly shows, but by the  
 sacrifice of worldly idols. In the re-  
 cesses of the far hermitage shall ter-  
 rific war disturb the human world,  
 yet in the commotion of crowded  
 cities shall the restful silence of eter-  
 nity pervade it. Therefore let not the  
 poet share communion with his fel-  
 lows; but let him first, by purification

from every "lust of the eye, and pride of life" find communion with his Maker. Then shall the divine revelation be vouchsafed unto him, then shall the power to represent it be accorded, and all that is glorious in outward nature, all deeds solemnly associated with human agents, shall invest the poet with the insignia of their character as an embassy from the divine to the human world. A thought has been suggested to our dear reader, which we present to him in token of our love. We are to speculate *from* the practical, and not *upon* it. This let every poet remember.

Rural Sketches by Thomas Miller, author of "a Day in the Woods," "Beauties of the Country," "Royston Gower," &c. with twenty-three Illustrations. London: John Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row, 1839.

There is something pleasant in the recognition of untaught genius, or even talent. We have not yet made up our minds, as to which is possessed by Thomas Miller, who has contrived to make baskets and write books. At any rate, there is a vein of natural feeling in his production, which pleases the taste, and excites agreeable sensations. To him belong no deep emotions of the soul; no far-reaching views into man's destiny; but there is a desire and a capacity for happiness—an egotism and a sympathy—which indicate a loving heart, a being self-respected, and eminently humane. Humble works, like the one before us, ought not, in the pride of learned intellect, to be rejected. There is many an erudite scholar who could not have written this volume.

Some part of this work is critical. There is an Essay on Elizabethan Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals" and "Shepherd's Pipe." Mr. Miller rightly considers, that this writer is the best pastoral poet of whom England can boast.

"We understand," says Miller, "no other language but that of our mother-tongue,—and that, we fear, indifferently,—therefore, are unable either to read Theocritus or Virgil, saving by translations; and if by this

method the ideas of the authors can be faithfully given (for we care not for words alone), William Browne is as great a pastoral poet as either of the above-named authors. His mind is thoroughly English,—he drank deeply from that well, whence Chaucer and Spenser drew their inspiration—the ever-flowing fountain of nature. Nor need a stronger proof be brought of his good taste, than that intense admiration which he had for the writings of Spenser—a poet whose works are the very touchstone of taste, and which none but a true lover of poetry can ever thoroughly relish."

We will give some few studies from BROWNE.

#### "EARLY MORNING.

"—'Tis not too late,  
For the turtle and her mate  
Are sitting yet in rest;  
And the throstle has not been  
*Gathering worms yet on the green,*  
But attends her nest.  
Not a bird hath taught her young,  
Nor her morning's lesson sung  
In the shady grove;  
But the nightingale i' th' dark,  
Singing, woke the mounting lark;  
She records her love.

The sun hath not with his beams,  
Gilded yet our crystal streams,  
Rising from the sea;  
Mists do crown the mountain-tops,  
And each pretty myrtle drops;  
'Tis but newly day."

Any one who has been a close observer of nature, must be struck by the simple fidelity of this picture; there is no sacrifice of sense made here for effect; all is in true keeping. It was so early, that the throstle had not yet left her nest to gather worms on the green, a bird that goes abroad ere it is well light; the nightingale had but just finished her song, and awoke the lark; all the other songsters were silent; the flowers were drooping, for the sun had not yet appeared, and in the next line we read that—

"Some man cometh in the mist."

All was grey, cold and silent—no sound heard but the song of the lark, and she sang high among the cold-looking clouds, for not a sunbeam as yet gilds them, nor has a ray flashed upon the chilly streams. But while we have been delaying the reader



with our remarks, the picture has changed to a clear

"SPRING MORNING.

"—See the spring  
To the earth enamelling,  
And the birds on every tree  
Greet the morn with melody.  
Hark ! how yonder throistle chants it,  
And her mate as proudly vaunts it :  
See how every stream is drest,  
By her margin with the best  
Of Flora's gifts ; she seems glad  
For such books, such flowers she had ;  
And the trees are quaintly tired  
With green buds of all desired ;  
*And the hawthorn every day  
Spreads some little show of May :*  
See the primrose sweetly set  
By the much-loved violet,  
Which the banks do sweetly cover,  
As they would invite a lover  
With his lass to see their dressing,  
And to grace them by their pressing."

This is better than Bulwer's poetry,  
and the following as fine as Fletcher's.

"A CONCERT OF BIRDS.

As wooed by May's delights, I have been  
borne  
To take the kind air of a wistful morn  
Near Tavy's voiceful stream (to whom I  
owe  
More strains than from my pipe can ever  
flow),  
Here have I heard a sweet bird never *lin*  
(cease)  
To chide the river for his clamorous din ;  
There seemed another in his song to tell,  
That what the fair stream said he liked  
well ;  
And going further on another too,  
All varying still in what the others do ;  
A little thence, a fourth with little pain  
Conned all their lessons, and then sang  
again ;  
So numberless the songsters are that sing,  
In the sweet groves of the too careless  
spring,  
That I no sooner could the hearing lose  
Of one of them, but straight another rose,  
And perching deftly on a quaking spray  
Nigh tired herself, to make her hearer  
stay."

But we must quote no more—for,  
lo, another old Bard—even Herrick  
—Robert Herrick—the scandalised—

"Jocund his muse was,  
But his life was chaste."

SELECTIONS FROM THE HESPERIDES  
and works of the Rev. Robert Her-  
rick, (ancient) Vicar of Dean-Prior,  
Devon. By the late Charles Short,  
Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A. London :  
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

"It is not true," says the Editor,  
"that no other English poet ever  
produced so much filth as Herrick."  
Pity that he produced any ! But the  
poet sacrificed to his age ? Poets have  
nothing to do with their age !—they  
are vates—makers, and should be pro-  
phetic and creative—the Fathers of an  
Age to come ! But worse still that  
any apology should be derived from the  
past—such as that Herrick "over-  
leaps the bounds of decency infinitely  
less than the poets of Greece and  
Rome, and not more, if so much, as  
those of modern times, as might be  
easily shown by references, if that  
were prudent or decorous." Oh, no ;  
those fine old fellows are dead, and  
have had rites of sepulture performed.  
To their own master they stood or  
fell ! And even let the dead bury  
their dead ! The living poet has no-  
thing to do with churchyards or cata-  
combs. He breathes the quick air,  
and stands erect in the undying light.  
But enough of this.

"Forgetting these blemishes, and  
duly estimating the character and effu-  
sions of his felicitous genius, he may  
be safely pronounced one of the great-  
est of the English lyric poets ; alter-  
nately gay and serious, lively and  
tender, descriptive and didactic, his  
pages also record many *curious na-  
tional customs* and traditions. [If  
this had been his only merit, he might  
have deserved thanks, at least, and  
not severe censure.] Then he makes  
incursions into fairy land with infinite  
success, and there may be truly said  
to rival even Shakspeare himself. He  
is the most joyous and gladsome of  
birds, singing like the grasshopper, as  
if he would never grow old ; he is  
fresh as the spring, as blithe as sum-  
mer, and as ripe as autumn. His  
heart and soul are in what he writes,  
the spirit of song dances in his veins,  
and flutters around his lips. Now  
bursting into the joyful and hearty  
voice of the Bacchanalian, sometimes  
breathing forth strains soft as the sigh  
of burning love, and *sometimes uttering  
feelings of the most delicate pensiveness  
and pathos*, always when he wrote  
from himself ; many of his poems  
concluding with the softest touches of  
sensibility and feeling : and as for his

versification, it presents one of the most varied specimens of the rhythmical harmony of the language—flowing with an almost English wonderful grace and flexibility. Nothing can exceed his verse in melody, sweetness, or variety. Then also note the period, 1629—48."

We are indebted to Herrick for one of the earliest and best versions of Anacreon's 3rd ode *Εἰς Εἰρωτὰς*; this translation is supposed to have been published in 1627.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID.

One silent night of late,  
When every creature rested,  
Came one unto my gate,  
And, knocking, me molested.  
"Who's that," said I, "beats there,  
And troubles thus the sleepy?"  
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,  
And let not locks thus keep ye;

For I a boy am, who  
By moonless nights have swerved,  
And all with showers wet through,  
And e'en with cold half starved."

I pitiful arose,  
And soon a taper lighted,  
And did myself disclose  
Unto the lad benighted:

I saw he had a bow,  
And wings too which did shiver;  
And, looking down below,  
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine  
Brought him, as love professes,  
And chafed his hand with mine,  
And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,  
"Let's try this bow of ours,  
And string, if they be harmed,"  
Said he, "with these late showers."

Forthwith his bow he bent,  
And wedded string and arrow,  
And struck me, that it went  
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew  
Away, and thus said, flying,  
"Adieu, mine host, adieu!  
I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

So much as a translator of Anacreon; but Herrick, as an original poet, rivals both the Teian's *Dove* and Catullus' *Sparrow* in

THE CAPTIVE BEE.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,  
It chanced a bee did fly that way,  
After a dew, or dewlike shower,  
To tipple freely in a flower.

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For some rich flower he took the lip  
Of Julia, and began to sip;  
But when he felt he sucked from thence  
Honey, and in the quintessence,  
He drank so much, he scarce could stir;  
So Julia took the pilferer;  
And thus surprised, as filchers use,  
He thus began himself to excuse:  
"Sweet lady-flower! I never brought  
Hither the least one thieving thought,  
But taking those rare lips of your's  
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,  
I thought I might there take a taste,  
Where so much syrup ran at waste:  
Besides, know this, I never sting  
The flower that gives me nourishing;  
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay  
For honey that I tear away."  
This said, he laid his little scrip  
Of honey 'fore her ladyship,  
And told her, as some tears did fall,  
That, that he took, and that was all.  
At which she smiled, and bade him go  
And take his bag; but thus much know,  
When next he came a pilfering so,  
He should from her full lips derive,  
Honey enough to fill his hive.

Had Herrick's life been unchaste,  
his muse would not have been so  
jocund. Actual fruition would have  
dulled the edge of that appetite, whose  
strong desire burns in his numbers.  
Herrick's poetry is the poetry of  
desire, not of enjoyment. If he  
enjoys his mistress, it is in a dream.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.

I dreamed we both were in a bed  
Of roses almost smothered;  
The warmth and sweetness had me there,  
Made lovingly familiar;  
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,  
Faults done by night, will blush by day,  
I kiss'd thee parting; and I call  
Night to the record, that was all.  
But, ah! if empty dreams so please,  
Love, give me more such nights as these.

This truly is a visionary love, and  
in its dreaminess delicate exceedingly.  
Perhaps, after all, Herrick was not  
only mystic, which this love-fiction  
shews, but also ascetic. This his  
occasional grossness would go to  
prove. That he could sometimes  
afford to play the metaphysician with  
his feelings, is clear from a little  
poem to which the term gross refers  
us, by association with the word  
"coarse," as contained in the most  
exquisite lyric thus brought to our  
remembrance,

THE VISION.

Sitting alone, as one forsook,  
Close by a silver-shedding brook,

With hands held up to Love, I wept;  
 And, after sorrows spent, I slept:  
 Then in a vision I did see,  
 A glorious form appear to me.  
 A virgin's face she had; her dress  
 Was like a sprightly Spartaness;  
 A silver bow, with green silk strung,  
 Down from her comely shoulders hung;  
 And as she stood, *the wanton air*  
*Dandled the ringlets of her hair.*  
 Her legs were such Diana shews,  
 When tucked up, she a hunting goes,  
 With buskins shortened to descry  
 The happy dawning of her thigh;  
 Which when I saw, I made access,  
 To kiss that tempting nakedness;  
 But she forbade me with a wand  
 Of myrtle she had in her hand;  
 And, chiding me, said, 'Hence, remove;  
 Herrick! thou art too coarse to love.'

Famous as Herrick was in his own day, and fine as his lyrics undoubtedly are, his poems were nevertheless for a long period forgotten. In 1823 they were reprinted at Edinburgh. Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Early English Poetry," quoted four of his pieces; and Campbell also quotes from him, but not judiciously. Dr. Drake, in his *Literary Hours*, devoted several essays to him, and recommended no less than one hundred of his amatory odes for selection. Dr. Nott, in 1810, printed no less than two hundred and eighty-four. The edition before us only contains ninety-five; enough—for it is ten more than the number of Anacreon's.

We pass from the Amatory Odes to the EPITHALAMIUM, in which we are continually reminded of *Catullus*. But we may not stay here—much less speak—but with a chaste hush! pass on. Whither? Into *Fairy Land*!

#### THE FAIRIES.

If ye will with Mab find grace,  
 Set each platter in his place,  
 Rake the fire up, and get  
 Water in ere sun be set,  
 Wash your pails, and cleanse your dairies,  
 (Sluts are loathsome to the fairies;)  
 Sweep your house; who doth not so,  
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

The three magnificent poems on *Oberon* ought to be quoted, but we have not room. Numerous are Herrick's Amatory Odes; his love appears to have been altogether ideal. Fancy with him was love. This is proved by his in fact caring nothing for the

personal form of his mistress. Where he chose to love, there was beauty.

#### LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

Whatsoever thing I see,  
 Rich, or poor, although it be,  
 'Tis a mistress unto me.  
 Be my maiden fair, or brown,  
 Does she smile, or does she frown,  
 Still I write a sweetheart down.  
 Be she rough or smooth of skin,  
 When I touch, I then begin  
 For to let affection in.  
 Be she bald, or does she wear  
 Locks incurled of other hair,  
 I shall find enchantment there.  
 Be she whole, or be she rent,  
 So my fancy be content,  
 She's to me most excellent.  
 Be she fat, or be she lean,  
 Be she sluttish, be she clean,  
 I'm a man for every scene.

#### NO LOATHSOMENESS IN LOVE.

What I fancy I approve,  
 No dislike there is in love:  
 Be my mistress short or tall,  
 And distorted therewithal.  
 Be she likewise one of those,  
 That an acre hath of nose;  
 Be her forehead and her eyes,  
 Full of incongruities.  
 Let fair or foul my mistress be,  
 Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me;  
 Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,  
 The posture her's, I'm pleased with it;  
 Or let her tongue be still, or stir,  
 Graceful is every thing from her;  
 Or let her grant, or else deny,  
 My love will fit each history.

I have lost, and lately, these  
 Many dainty mistresses;  
 Stately Julia, prince of all;  
 Sappho next, a principal;  
 Smooth Anthea, for a skin  
 White, and heaven-like crystalline;  
 Sweet Electra; and the choice  
 Myrrha, for the lute and voice;  
 Next, Corinna, for her wit,  
 And the graceful use of it;  
 With Perilla: all are gone,  
 Only Herrick's left alone,  
 For to number sorrow by  
 Their departures hence, and die.

Herrick's pastoral poetry is equally good:

#### THE COUNTRY LIFE.

To the Honoured M. End. Porter,  
 Groom of the Bed-Chamber to his  
 Majesty.

Sweet country life, to such unknown  
 Whose lives are others', not their own;  
 But serving courts and cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.



Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam,  
To seek and bring rough pepper home ;  
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,  
To bring from thence the scorched clove ;  
Nor with the loss of thy loved rest,  
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.  
No, thy ambitious master-piece,  
Flies no thought higher than a fleece ;  
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear  
All scores, and so to end the year.  
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,  
Not envying other's larger grounds.  
For well thou knows't, 'tis not the extent  
Of land makes life, but sweet content, &c.

The following poem, in order for its full merits to be understood, should be quoted in connexion with Kit Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd," and Sir Walter Raleigh's "Come live with me and be my Love," and "The Nymph's Reply."

TO PHILLIS,

To Love and Live with Him.

Live, live with me, and thou shalt see  
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee ;  
What sweets the country can afford,  
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board :  
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,  
With crawling woodbine overspread,  
By which the silver-shedding streams,  
Shall gently melt thee into dreams :  
Thy clothing next shall be a gown  
Made of the fleece's purest down ;  
The tongue of kids shall be thy meat,  
Their milk thy drink ; and thou shalt eat  
The paste of filberts for thy bread,  
With cream of cowslips buttered.  
Thy feasting tables shall be hills,  
With daisies spread and daffodils ;  
Where thou shalt sit, and redbreast by,  
For meat shall give thee melody.  
I'll give thee chains and carcanets,  
Of primroses and violets.  
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,  
That richly wrought, and this as brave,  
So that as either shall express,  
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.  
At shearing times and yearly wakes,  
When Themilis his pastime makes,  
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,  
Nay, more, the feast and grace of it.  
On holidays, when virgins meet,  
To dance the hays with nimble feet,  
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear  
The queen of roses for that year ;  
And having danced, both all the best,  
Carry the garland from the rest.  
In wicker baskets maids shall bring  
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,  
The blushing apple, bashful pear,  
And shamefaced plumb, all simpering  
there.  
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find  
The name of Phillis in the rind  
Of every straight and smooth-skinn'd tree,  
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.

To thee a sheep hook I will send,  
Beprank'd with ribands, to this end,  
That his alluring hook might be,  
Less for to catch a sheep than me.  
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,  
Not made of ale, but spiced wine ;  
To make thy maids and self free mirth,  
All sitting near the glittering hearth :  
Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,  
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and  
strings ;  
Of winning colours, that shall move  
Others to lust, but me to love :  
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,  
If thou wilt love and live with me.

We quote the following to acknowledge a theft of our own afore time. In the *Descent into Hell* occur these two lines :—

All silent, save the toning of a tear,  
The silver cadence of a veiled sigh.

These lines have been quoted more than once for commendation. The "toning of a tear," however, belongs to Herrick, from whom, we believe, we consciously took it.

EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

Here a solemn fast we keep :  
While all beauty lies asleep,  
Hushed be all things ; no noise here,  
*But the toning of a tear,*  
Or a sigh of such as bring.  
Cowslips for her covering.

We should have acknowledged this obligation before ; but, in fact, we have not had a Herrick in our possession for years, nor one of our own at all, until the present copy, for which we are indebted to Mr. Murray, the publisher, whose books being mostly good, we shall always be glad to review. There are, in fact, three publishers, on whom, we think, tolerable dependance may be placed—Murray, Moxon, Pickering. Other houses deal so much in the professedly *ad captandum*, or do so much on mere commission, that we know not where to have them. But as we read all the books we notice, this inconvenience is not without remedy.

The Anacreontic and bacchanalian songs with which the volume concludes, serve to confirm us in our opinion of the ideal character of Herrick's poetry. Notwithstanding the conviviality of his muse, his life is said to have been *sober*. How freely many a man disports himself in the Eden of his fancy ! It is more easy to sing of nectar and

ambrosia, than to drink potations  
pottle deep, and dine every day on  
venison !

#### THE VISION.

Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,  
A crawling vine about Anacreon's head ;  
Flushed was his face, his hairs with oil did  
shine,  
And as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with  
wine ;  
Tipped he was, and tipping lisped withal ;  
And lisping, reeled, and reeling like to fall.  
A young enchantress close by him did  
stand,  
Tapping his bosom with a myrtle wand :  
She smiled—he kissed ; and kissing,  
thought to woo,  
But being cup-shot, more he could not do ;  
For which, methought, in pretty anger, she  
Snatched off his crown, and gave the  
wreath to me.

Translations from the Lyric Poets of  
Germany ; with Brief Notices of  
their Lives and Writings. By  
John Macray. Oxford: J. H.  
Parker. 1838.

We pass from the former work to  
this in natural transition—still con-  
tinuing in the lyric vein. We wish  
that the translator had given the  
whole of the Legend of the Three  
Holy Kings, by Gustavus Schwab.  
It is in twelve Romances. Mr.  
Macray presents us only with the  
first. The legend alluded to is  
founded on the gospel account of the  
Wise Men and the Star in the East,  
which in the fourteenth century was  
*improved* by Prior John of Hildesheim.  
In the poem before us, the twelve  
star-gazers are supposed to be part of  
a multitudinous assemblage that  
always meet on the high mountain  
Vaus, to watch the appearing of the  
promised Star ; and that this number,  
twelve, ever continues, through suc-  
ceeding ages, to be the faithful few,  
who, through every vicissitude, direct  
their gaze to the sign of the coming  
Saviour.

Perfumed by herbs, all sweetness blending,  
And graced with trees on every side,  
A hill arose, to heaven ascending,  
Of all the East the boast and pride.

Steep the ascent, and long the stages,  
But bright above shine day and night ;  
Upon its summit stand twelve sages,  
And fix on heaven their raptured sight.

When morn returns they yield to slumber,  
And each around him wraps his robe :  
In vain the hours, in dazzling number,  
Pour day and glory o'er the globe.

But ever, as the breezes waken,  
That gently sigh at fall of night,  
Then straight on high, with gaze unshaken,  
They turn to hail the promised light.

To them the wond'rous book of heaven—  
Each radiant page—is then unrolled ;  
On earth, what silver seemed, is given  
To shine above, as radiant gold.

If e'er the stars, to man revealing  
His earthly fate, were truly read—  
Here, on this mount, when nightly  
kneeling,

That light is o'er the sages shed.

And there they stand, intent exploring,  
What may the will of heaven be ;  
Yet ne'er, while o'er the prospect poring,  
The crown of all their hopes they see.

That Star—triumphantly resplendent  
O'er all the host of heaven far ;  
BEACON and LIGHT, for ever pendent,  
The blinded heathen's guiding star.

That STAR—prophetic Balaam greeted—  
The herald of the Saviour-King ;  
Upon His throne of glory seated,  
The people's guide, and light, and wing.

So ran the story ; and astonished,  
The expectant East awaited now :  
'Twas this the gazing seers admonished,  
To meet upon the mountain's brow.

And hope made every step seem lighter,  
And smoothed the path, so steep and  
rude ;

And faded eyes again beamed brighter,  
And forms long bent erectly stood.

And when even Death surprised them,  
gazing,  
Still turned their last fond looks on high,  
Where thousand thousand suns are blazing,  
To which on earth they longed to fly.

Little Derwent's Breakfast. By a  
Lady. Illustrated by Engravings.  
London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 65,  
Cornhill. 1839.

This book deserves to be reviewed  
in this connexion, if it were only that  
Little Derwent is none other than the  
grandson of the late Samuel Taylor  
Coleridge, and the authoress, we sus-  
pect, none other than his daughter.  
The poems are intended for children  
seven years old, and are as delightful  
as they are simple. They are con-  
nected with the subjects of the Break-  
fast Table, and instruct the young.

How many different hands 'twill take  
A single loaf of bread to make !

That tea and sugar must be sought  
In distant lands, whence they are brought:  
In short, what time it will employ  
Only to feed one little boy.

There is an introductory poem on  
*Early Rising*, which deserves extract.  
Up with the cock when he cheerily crows,  
When nature awakes from her night's  
repose.

He calls the farmer—"Come guide the  
plough"—

He calls the maiden—"Come milk the  
cow."

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the lark when he soars on  
high,

And carols his morning song to the sky;  
Follow him forth o'er each balmy field,  
And taste the health-giving air they yield.

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the bee in "the hour of prime,"  
Who tells little boys how to value their  
time:

His books are the flowers on which he feeds,  
He sips the honey, but leaves the weeds.

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the ant, who no minute will  
lose,

While the sun is shining, her stores to  
choose.

In youth and summer she labours and  
strives,

In age and winter how happy she lives.

Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Then up with the birds the bright sun to  
see,

With the working ant and the busy bee;  
Leave dull sloth with his drowsy head,  
Don't let him come to *your* little bed.

Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise,  
Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways,  
You'll be good, and happy, and merry as  
they.

Up, up little Derwent, away, away!

Clear it is that poetry runs in the  
Coleridge family—it is an hereditary  
merit. The "West India Islands" is  
prettily done.

The islands where sugar canes flourish,  
Those beautiful isles of the West—  
Abundance of other plants nourish,  
The gayest, and choicest, and best.

There, in full beauty and splendour,  
Grow cocoa and tamarind trees;  
The aloe—the palm, light and slender,  
That waves in the soft cooling breeze.

There—loveliest flowers are blooming,  
While creepers that gracefully twine,  
The air with rich odours perfuming,  
In colours harmonious combine.

There—insects so brilliantly gleaming,  
Fresh hues every moment unfold,  
The fireflies and butterflies seeming  
Like emerald, sapphire, and gold.

There—birds of fair form and bright  
feather,

Inhabit each deep shaded grove;  
While humming-birds flitting together,  
The delicate flower-cups love.

There lie the fair shells of the ocean,  
The spiral, the conch, the volute,  
Thrown in by the waves' ceaseless motion,  
In numbers we cannot compute.

Thence come the turtles in plenty,  
Which epicures think such a treat,  
And sweetmeats, most luscious and dainty,  
Which at our desserts we may eat.

Thence also, those fruits so delicious,  
The orange, the shaddock, the lime,  
With arrow-root pure and nutritious:  
All grow in this tropical clime.

But still—much as all these may charm us,  
And make us quite long to be there,  
Yet many things also will harm us,  
Of which we may not be aware.

For there comes the hurricane sweeping,  
The trees and the houses to shake,  
Ere—suddenly roused from their sleeping,  
The people their dwellings forsake.

The thunder above them is rolling—  
The ocean is raging below;—  
The danger past human controlling,  
The lightnings so vividly glow.

The hailstones are pattering around them,  
Destroying their rich sugar-canes;  
The rain seems as if it would drown them,  
In torrents it streams o'er the plains!

There—birds may be richer in colour,  
Yet harsh and discordant in voice;  
Whilst ours—whose plumage is duller,  
Our hearts with their songs can rejoice.

Though fireflies there may delight us,  
And butterflies spread their bright wing;  
Yet gnats and mosquitoes will bite us,  
And serpents will terribly sting.

Then think when these wonders they're  
telling,

And when you are longing to roam,  
There's no place like *England* to dwell in,  
There's nothing like *England* for *home*.

Tis right that an Englishman ever  
This feeling should well understand;  
But if he is just, he will never  
Despise any nation or land.

For God to each country has given,  
Some charm to its native most dear;  
Wherever he's banished or driven,  
The land of his birth he'll revere.

The end of the volume is graced  
with poems of a more ambitious cha-  
racter, from which we extract two—

THE BAYA, OR HINDU SPARROW.

I told you of those little birds,  
Who build such different nests,  
All ready to receive and lodge  
Their pretty little guests;—  
Swallow and martin—wren and thrush,  
Beneath the roof—or in the bush!



But I can tell a wondrous tale,  
 About a gentle creature,  
 A bird, whom I am sure you'll love,  
   If ever you can meet her.  
 Yet only within India's bound  
 The Hindu sparrow can be found.  
 So docile, and so teachable,  
   So faithful, and so true,  
 So ready and so tractable,  
   In all they're told to do;  
 Even letters they will safely take,  
 Nor ever will a blunder make.  
 Away the winged messenger  
   Upon its errand flies,  
 Swiftly to some expecting one  
   The wished-for news supplies;  
 Then nestles in her folded dress,  
 And waits to have a fond caress.  
 Or pretty little tricks it plays,  
   The clever little bird!—  
 The sparkling jewel seizes, when  
   Its master gives the word.  
 If down the well he drops a ring,  
 Swift flies his bird the prize to bring.  
 But when this faithful bird, at last,  
   Her own true mate has found,  
 They hie them to the river's side,  
   Where cocoa trees abound,  
 And here a curious nest they form—  
 Roomy, and safe, and snug, and warm.  
 For, not *one* lodging room alone  
   Contents this careful pair:  
 Three chambers may be clearly seen,  
   Built and divided there,  
 Securely for her precious eggs  
 A little nursery she begs.  
 There, with a mother's patient love,  
   Does she so fondly brood,  
 And only to their *parlour* come,  
   To take her daily food;  
 That food her faithful mate provides,  
 And builds a little porch besides;  
 There sings his sweetest tunes, or seeks  
   Where fire-flies brightly gleam,  
 Fixing them round his porch, where they  
   Like brilliant lamps may seem,  
 Lights that may guide him to his home,  
 When far away for food he'll roam.  
 And when the mother-bird, ere long,  
   Her pretty nestlings shews;  
 When by their early chirpings, soon  
   Their wants he duly knows; [seeds,  
 He brings them worms, and flies, and  
 Supplying all their daily needs.  
 Yet danger lurks around this spot,  
   Where wily snakes entwine  
 Their coiling forms around the trees,  
   Poor birds to slyly gain.  
 But well the cunning sparrow's nest  
 Is formed for safety and for rest:  
 He twists a slender cord, yet firm,  
   From off the spreading tree,  
 And, o'er the river's bank let down,  
   By this his house you'll see.  
 Suspended from the branches' height,  
 Hundred such nests will meet our sight.

How knows this pretty bird to shun  
 A danger ere it come?  
 Or how can such a tiny thing  
   Construct so safe a home?  
 Does he not fear, lest every blast  
 His treasures may o'erwhelm at last?  
 He feels them safe—he's taught by One  
   Whose care his work directs,  
 Who, man, and bird, and beast, through  
   life,  
 With guardian care protects.  
 To bird and beast he *instinct* gives,  
 But *man* by nobler *reason* lives.  
 And mark, dear boy, that birds and beasts  
   Have ever done the same,  
 Since in the world's creation first  
   At His command they came:  
 He gave *them* instinct to supply  
 Life's daily wants—and then they die.  
 But *man*, continuing *progress* makes  
   Through each succeeding age,  
 From barbarous to polished life,  
   From savage up to sage:  
*Improvement* was to him assigned,  
 The powers of a thoughtful mind.  
 'Tis well, that for his sojourn here  
   Fresh pleasures he should gain,  
 While for a higher state he strives  
   Than birds or beasts attain,—  
*That*—for which all his powers were given,  
 To live for evermore in heaven.  
 Keep this in mind, dear child, admire  
   The instinct of the bird,  
 In *that*—and in *your* reason too  
   The voice of God is heard.  
 And with your highest powers fulfil  
 In all things, His almighty will.

## THE EAGLET OF BENVENUE.\*

## PART I.

On the high and towering summit,  
 Of the mighty Benvenue,  
 An eagle in her lofty eyrie,  
   Hid her eaglets from our view.  
 Beneath the sheltering mountain  
   In the fair and fertile plain;  
 On a lovely autumn noon-day,  
   Still they reaped the golden grain.  
 And among those joyous reapers  
   Was a youthful mother seen,  
 Her orphan boy was near her laid,  
   For whom she came to glean.  
 Fair Margaret at the Manse† had lived,  
   A maiden prized and loved,  
 Where Donald won her for his bride,  
   And constant truth had proved.  
 He fought in his country's battles,  
   And died, as brave men die;  
 And Margaret for their boy had toiled,  
   Placing her trust on high.

\* \* \* \*

\* A mountain in Scotland.

† The name given in Scotland to the clergyman's house.

A cry from the mountain's summit—  
From the plain below, a wail!  
The eagle pounces on her child,  
What help can here avail!  
Transfixed in speechless horror,  
They watched him soar away  
To the eaglets in his eyrie,  
Bearing his precious prey!  
She looked but for one moment,  
She staid not there to weep;  
The next they see her speeding,  
High up that pathless steep.  
The eagle is far above her,  
She cannot mark his flight;  
The gazers see him drop her child,  
Just at the eyrie's height.  
By their shouts again they rouse him,  
Higher aloft to soar;  
He wheels away on the mountains brow—  
Hovering o'er and o'er.  
Crag after crag she is gaining,  
She pauses not for breath;  
Amidst the trees her kirtle gleams,  
She speeds for life or death!  
See!—she has reached the eyrie;  
What sound has met her ears?  
'Tis a mother's heart sustains her—  
Her child's dear voice she hears!  
To that fond heart she holds him,—  
Unhurt her darling lies;  
"My Donald, I have saved thee!"  
Midst thankful tears she cries.

PART II.

In her kirtle's ample foldings,  
She holds her rescued one;  
Scarce conscious more of danger,  
She turns to bring him down.  
On a dizzy height she's standing,  
She sees the trackless steep;  
How, with her precious burden,  
Can she her footsteps keep?  
While to the plain below her,  
She looks in mute despair;  
She sees her friends and neighbours,  
Upon their knees in prayer.  
And one she marks among them,  
Her pastor and sure guide,  
Who—through each sense of trial,  
Was at the sufferer's side.  
When she felt that he was leading  
All hearts to pray for her,  
Unto God's all-gracious power  
Her child she could refer.  
Then, firm in hope, descending,  
Each tottering step she took,  
Scarce at her treasure daring  
To steal a hasty look.  
The goat's light foot-marks tracing,  
Adown that shelving way,  
She stepp'd where human foot ne'er trod,  
Until that fearful day!  
At times, o'erwhelmed and weary,  
Her failing heart would sink,

Till friends below, and God on high,  
Forbade her yet to shrink.  
Oh cheer thee, cheer thee, Margaret!  
Thy toil will soon be past;  
The prayers of many righteous ones  
Shall win the goal at last!  
Near and more near approaching,  
Her trembling steps they aid;  
Till she sees her child in safety  
In her pastor's arms is laid.  
Unconscious more of sight or sound,  
Even joy's glad shout appals—  
"My Donald, God has saved thee now!"  
In blissful trance she falls!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Young Donald was his mother's stay,  
As to manhood's prime he grew;  
But he never lost his early name,  
The Eaglet of Benvenue.

To this Authoress we are indebted for one of the most delightful pieces of fairy fiction in our language, which, as it has not yet been sufficiently noticed by reviewers, we will conclude the present paper by analysing. The work to which we allude, is entitled PHANTASMION.\*

The story thus opens:—

"A young boy hid himself from his nurse in sport, and strayed all alone in the garden of his father, a rich and mighty prince. He followed the bees from flower to flower, and wandered farther than he had ever gone before, till he came to the hollow tree where they hived, and watched them entering their storehouse, laden with the treasures they had collected. He lay upon the turf, laughing and talking to himself; and, after a while, he plucked a long stiff blade of grass, and was about to thrust it in at the entrance of the hive, when a voice, just audible above the murmur of the bees, cried, 'Phantasmion!' Now the child thought that his nurse was calling him in strange tones; and he started, saying, 'Ah! Leeliba!' and looked around; but casting up his eyes, he saw that there stood before him an ancient woman, slenderer in figure than his nurse, yet more firm and upright, and with a countenance which made him afraid. 'What dost thou here, Phantasmion?' said the stranger to the little boy; and he made no answer. Then she looked sweetly

\* London, William Pickering, 1837.

upon the child, for he was most beautiful; and she said to him, 'Whom dost thou take me for?' And he replied, 'At first I took thee for my nurse, but now I see plainly that thou art not like her.'—'And how am I different from thy nurse?' said the strange woman. The boy was about to answer, but he stopped short, and blushed; then after a pause, he said, 'One thing is, that thou hast wings upon thy shoulders, and she has none.'"

It is the faery, Potentilla, who, finding the boy frank and generous, is determined to repay him. Taking from him a pomegranate, which he had procured for her with peril—"the only ripe one which grew on a tree hard-by"—she looked kindly on Phantasmion, and said, "My little Phantasmion, thou needest no faery now to work wonders for thee, being yet so young, that all thou beholdest is new and marvellous in thine eyes. But the day must come when this happiness will fade away; when the stream, less clear than at its outset, will no longer return such bright reflections: then, if thou wilt repair to this pomegranate tree, and call upon the name of Potentilla, I will appear before thee, and exert all my power to renew the delights and wonders of thy childhood."

Clear enough it is that they are the gifts of genius which the faery had promised to the boy—genius, which is the permanence of youth to the individual.

Well; Phantasmion's fair mother, the Queen Zalia, fell sick and died. When told by one of the royal gardeners that his mother is dead, 'How darest thou,' cried the boy in a haughty tone, 'say that my mother is dead?'—'Go to her chamber, and see,' replied the man sternly. 'And how can I see her if she is dead?' rejoined the boy, with a tremulous laugh. 'Can I see the cloud of yesterday in yon clear sky? Like the clouds, the dead vanish away, and we see them no more!'—What can be more Coleridgean in tone and feeling than this.

His father, Dorimant, dying of poisoned honey, Phantasmion inherits, all too young, the throne of

Palmiland. He finds, however, a friend in one Dariel of Tigridia; but he soon dying of a scorpion's bite, the young prince grows melancholy. Are not all persons and things connected with himself doomed to misfortune? Phantasmion had spent many days in a state of dejection, when he wandered forth, after a sleepless night, one clear morning, and refreshed by the breath of early dawn, began to slumber under the boughs of a pomegranate tree. Here he meets again the faery Potentilla. At the waving of her wand the air is filled with butterflies, that Phantasmion may select from among them a pair of wings for his own shoulders. The moment that Potentilla touched him with her wand, a sensation of lightness ran throughout his body, and instantly afterwards he perceived that wings played on his shoulders, wings of golden green, adorned with black embroidery. Beneath an emerald coronet his radiant locks clustered in large soft rings, and wreathed themselves around his snowy forehead. Robes of white silk floated over his buoyant limbs, and his full eyes, lately closed in languor, beamed with joyful expectation, while more than childlike bloom rose mantling to his cheek. Potentilla had seen an eagle teaching her young ones to fly, gradually widening her airy circles, and mounting in a spiral line, that swelled as it rose, while the sun burnished her golden plumes; just so she flew before the winged youth, who timidly followed where she led the way, trembling in his first career when he saw the earth beneath him. But, gaining confidence, all at once he shot away from his guide, like a spark from a sky-rocket. He soared, and gyred, and darted on high, describing as many different figures as a skater on the ice, while from the groves and flowery meads below this choral strain resounded,

See the bright stranger!  
On wings of enchantment,  
See how he soars!

Eagles! that high on the crest of the mountain,  
Beyond where the cataracts gush from their fountain,  
Look out o'er the sea and her glistening shores,



Cast your sun-gazing eyes on his pinions  
of light!

Behold how he glitters,  
Transcendantly bright!

Whither, ah! whither,

To what lofty region

His course will he bend?

See him! O, see him! the clouds over-  
taking,

As tho' the green earth he were blithely  
forsaking;

Ah! now, in swift circles behold him  
descend.

Now, again, like a meteor he shoots  
through the sky,

Or a star glancing upward,

To sparkle on high!

Is this not delightful? Soon after-

wards, Phantasmion acquires power  
to leap like a grasshopper, and by this  
means progresses from kingdom to  
kingdom. At another, he takes the  
shape of a sea-beetle, and other in-  
sects, until at length he succeeds in  
winning the lady of his love, defeating  
his foes, and securing his throne.

Verily, the soul of Coleridge has  
passed into his daughter! Her *Phan-  
tasmion* is honey-full of the most bee-  
like fantasies—richer than Hybla—  
genial—musical—and dewy-footed.  
Why has not this book, long ere this  
time, reached a second—a fifth edi-  
tion?

## CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

### No. 4—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Fangui in China," &c.*

(Concluded from page 569).

IT is generally believed that the phenomena of *double refraction* and the *polarisation* of light, will scarcely admit of a popular explanation; and on this account, the subject has been almost entirely neglected by general readers. The mathematical formulæ with which the results of the minute and delicate experiments have been expressed by the learned and scientific, are certainly enough to create a distaste at first for their investigation, but we venture to assert that upon attentive examination, a more pleasing and astonishing branch of enquiry cannot be pointed out. To those who have studied the ordinary phenomena of light and colours, and derived pleasure from experimenting with optical instruments, it may be sufficient merely to suggest, that the study of double refraction and polarisation will introduce him to a new world, and enable him to scrutinize, with a new and wonderful agent, the most minute and secret mysteries of nature. The finest and most brilliant exhibitions may be made by the experimentalist, and if the study be prosecuted with zeal and industry, there is scarcely a doubt but that new and wonderful facts may be discovered.

In our opinion it is quite possible that the wonders of this new science might be rendered perfectly intelligible to those readers, who possess but a very slender portion of either mathematical or physical knowledge. It would afford us great pleasure if that were our task, but the limits which are necessarily assigned us for the explanation of the subject of these papers, will prevent any other than a cursory notice of those points which bear upon the undulatory theory. The first origin and order of succession of the discoveries, will probably form the most interesting plan of proceeding, and we therefore commence with *double refraction*.

The meaning of this term may be thus briefly explained; If a ray of

solar or other light is made to pass through a piece of glass, or vessel of water, it will have the same appearance, and be possessed of the same properties after transmission as before it. Any object seen through them will appear single, and therefore we say that the glass and water refract singly. But if a similar ray of light is made to pass through a crystal of Iceland spar, it will not emerge singly as before, but will be divided in passing through the transparent substance into two rays, and any object seen through this crystal will appear double. Any body therefore, which like the Iceland spar separates the beam of light into two separate portions, is said to be a doubly refracting crystal, and the ray so split or divided, is said to be doubly refracted. It will be discovered upon investigation, that one of these refracted rays, is refracted according to the ordinary law of refraction, and it is hence called the *ordinary* pencil; while the other is called the *extraordinary* pencil, from its being refracted according to a law different from the ordinary law.

This curious property of some transparent bodies, was discovered by a physician of Copenhagen, of the name of Erasmus Bartholinus, about the middle of the seventeenth century. He procured from one of the Danish merchants who traded to Iceland, a specimen of crystal, and immediately made a number of chemical and optical experiments upon it. He published an account of these at Copenhagen, in 1669, and thus directed the attention of the scientific to the subject.

His notion of the cause of double refraction was, that he supposed the Iceland crystal to have two sets of pores; one "according to the ductus, or direction of the sides, and parallel thereto: since it may be observed, that according to this disposition of the sides it is broken, and the parts severed from one another; and that one of the images, namely the movable, passeth through them. Next besides these pores lying according to the parallelism of the sides, it hath others, such as glass, water, and right crystals have, through which the right image is transmitted."

It is unnecessary to follow Bartholinus through the whole of his experiments, especially as the results were comparatively trifling. These facts appear to have been discovered by him. 1 That Iceland spar has the property of double refraction. 2. That one of these refractions is performed according to a law which is common to all transparent solids and fluids, while the other is performed according to an extraordinary law, which had not previously been observed by philosophers; and 3. That the incident light is equally divided between the ordinary and extraordinary pencils.

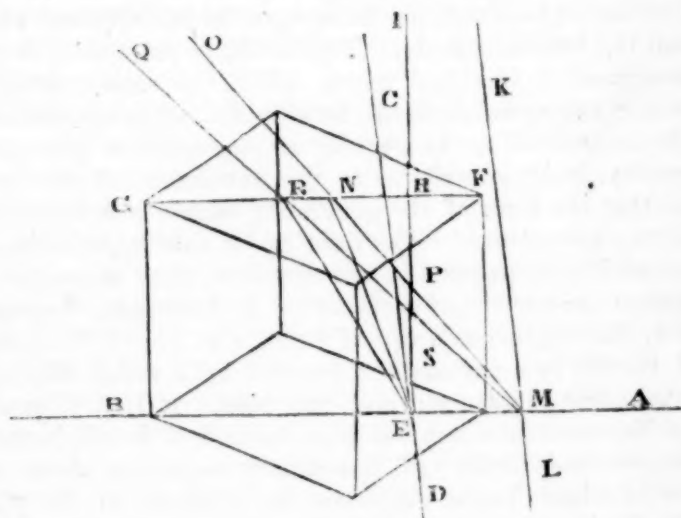
The celebrated Christopher Huygens was at first afraid that these facts discovered by Bartholinus, would militate against the theory of undulations which he was promulgating. He directed his attention therefore to the subject; in order both to obviate any objections which might be urged against his particular views, and to reconcile, if possible, the two classes of phenomena. His researches appeared in the fifth chapter of his *Traité de la Lumière* to which we have already alluded.

By a series of ingenious and well-executed experiments, he arrived at the fact, that when the ray of light is incident along the axis of the crystal, there is little or no separation into the ordinary and extraordinary beams. This axis is the principal section of the crystal, and may be

also considered the axis of double refraction. The Iceland spar being of the form of a rhomb, and its principal section the bisection of one of its obtuse angles, every object seen through it in that direction, will be single. In every other position, the refraction is double, and the greater or less divergence of the beams, depends upon a law discovered by Huygens, and which is considered very accurate. The double refraction increases in proportion as the inclination of the ray to the axis increases, so that it is at its minimum at the pole, and its maximum at the equator.

When Huygens wished to determine the law of the two refractions, he drew a black line *A B* fig. 3. upon a smooth surface, and two other lines *C E D* and *K M L* perpendicular to it, and having their distance

Fig. 3.



greater or less according to the obliquity at which the refraction was to be examined. Now by placing the doubly refracting crystal upon *E*, so that *A B* is parallel to the principal section or axis *E G*, and placing the eye above it, the line *A B* was seen single, but the line *C D* was double.\* This experiment is very simple and may be easily performed, and in order to distinguish the ordinary from the extraordinary image, it will be observed that the latter always appears more elevated than the former; or if you turn the crystal round, it will be observed that the ordinary image appears fixed, while the extraordinary one revolves round the other.

If the eye be now placed at *I*, perpendicular to *A B*, till it sees the ordinary image of *C D* coinciding with the part of *C D* without the crystal, let the point *H* be marked on the crystal, where the intersection at *E* appears. Let the eye be now taken towards *O*, in the same perpendicular plane till the ordinary image of *C D* coincides with *K L*, and let the point *N* where the intersection *E* now appears, be marked upon the crystal. The lines *N H*, *E M* and *H E* the thickness of the crystal being accurately measured, then joining *N E* and *N M* the ratio of re-

\* Edin. Phil. Journal, vol. ii.



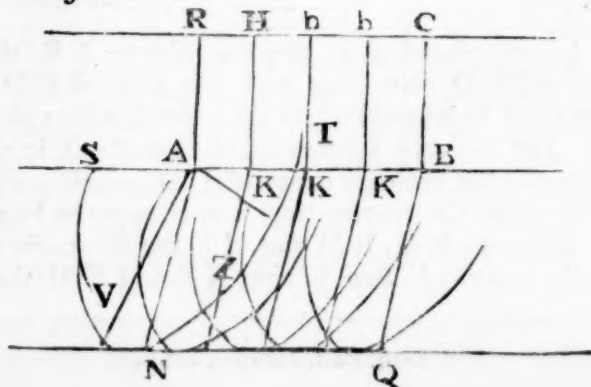
fraction will be that of  $EN$  to  $NP$ , because these lines are as the sines of the angles of incidence and refraction  $NPH$ ,  $NEP$ .

Thus Huygens found that the ratio was as 5 to 3 in all incidences, as had previously been determined. The way in which he then proceeded to determine the ratio of the extraordinary refraction, was by withdrawing his eye to  $Q$  till the extraordinary image of  $CD$  coincided with  $KL$ . By marking the point  $R$ , he could then obtain by measurement, the relation of  $ER$  to  $ES$ , or the ratio of the sine of incidence to that of refraction. In pursuing this investigation, he found that this ratio was not constant; but varied according to the inclination of the incident ray of light.

In his explanation of the phenomena of double refraction by the undulatory theory, Huygens supposes, that as there are two different refractions in Iceland-crystals, so there must be two different emanations of light from the luminous body. The ordinary refraction is produced by rays propagated in spherical waves, while the extraordinary refraction depends upon undulations of an elliptical, or hemispheroidal, character. He considers that the regular arrangement of the particles of the transparent body contribute to the formation of the spheroidal waves; and that the form of the generating ellipse is determined by the ratio of the two refractions. The light is, by this hypothesis, supposed to be more quickly propagated in one direction, than in another.

For, suppose the surface of a crystal of Iceland spar, respresented by  $AB$ , *Fig. 4.* be exposed to a ray of light, the line  $RC$ , parallel and equal to  $AB$ , will be a portion of a wave of light which falls upon  $AB$  at a perpendicular incidence; and the points  $R H h C$  meet  $AB$  at  $A K k B$ . We must now suppose that, instead of hemispherical waves, as we have previously dealt with in ordinary refraction, these waves are hemispheroids, whose major semi-axes are oblique to the plane  $AB$ . Hence  $SVT$  will represent an individual wave coming from the point  $A$ , after  $RC$  has arrived at  $AB$ . Now, in the same time that the point  $A$  propagated the wave  $SVT$ , all the other points,  $K k B$ , will propagate similar ones, and therefore the common tangent,  $NQ$ , of all these semi-ellipses, will be the propagation of the waves  $RC$  in the transparent body, according to the Huygenian theory. But it will be observed, that the tangent,  $NQ$ , which is equal and parallel to  $AB$ , is not directly opposite to  $AB$ , but is comprehended between the lines  $AN$  and  $BQ$ , conjugate diameters to those which are in the line  $AB$ .

*Fig. 4.*



Thus, by this supposition, Huygens was able to comprehend what previously appeared to him very difficult, how a *perpendicular* ray could suffer refraction in a transparent body? For the wave R C, instead of going on straight when it entered the transparent surface, A B, extends itself between the parallels A B and N Q.

It is trusted that this will be considered a sufficient elucidation of the Huygenian hypothesis of double refraction, for it is impossible to proceed farther in the enquiry, without having recourse to more intricate mathematical reasoning than would be agreeable to most persons. Since the time of Huygens, many eminent men have investigated the subject. Among others may be mentioned the names of Fresnel, Cauchy, Biot, Arago, and Airy. In the formulæ introduced for the explanation of the newly-discovered phenomena, they have reduced the laws of vibratory motion to differential equations of the second order, but have not, with them, been able to show that some of the later facts are the results of the undulatory theory.

At the Bristol meeting of the Association in 1836, Professor M'Cullagh proceeded still further with the subject, and showed that, by introducing differential coefficients of the third order into the equations of vibratory motion, the greater number of the laws discovered could be satisfactory explained. When these equations are applied to the elucidation of the phenomena observed in quartz and other binaxial crystals, there must be two waves of light elliptically polarised and moving with different velocities; the ratio of the greater and smaller diameters, or axes, of these ellipses being the same in each wave; but the greater axis of the one being turned towards the lesser axis of the other, and the difference of the sign of the two equal quantities corresponding to the ratio of these axes, it follows that, if the vibration be from left to right in one wave, it must be from right to left in the other.

Without attempting to follow the learned professor any farther in his speculations, let us now take a slight notice of the benefits which have resulted to science from the examination of the phenomena of double refraction. Before Sir David Brewster began his optical labours, all crystals were supposed to have but one axis, and the Huygenian was considered the universal law of double refraction. By the most ingenious and accurate experiments, he was soon led to believe that the greater number of crystals have two, some three, or even more axes of double refraction, while a few are totally irregular in this respect. Hence he was led to discover the general law which subsists between the primitive forms of crystals, and the number of their axes. Thus he was enabled to predict, on the faith of these principles, that different crystals would be found, eventually, to belong to particular systems of classification from which they had been excluded. In this manner he has been able to correct many errors in the systems of Haüy, and to establish, on a firmer basis, the characteristic of Mohs.

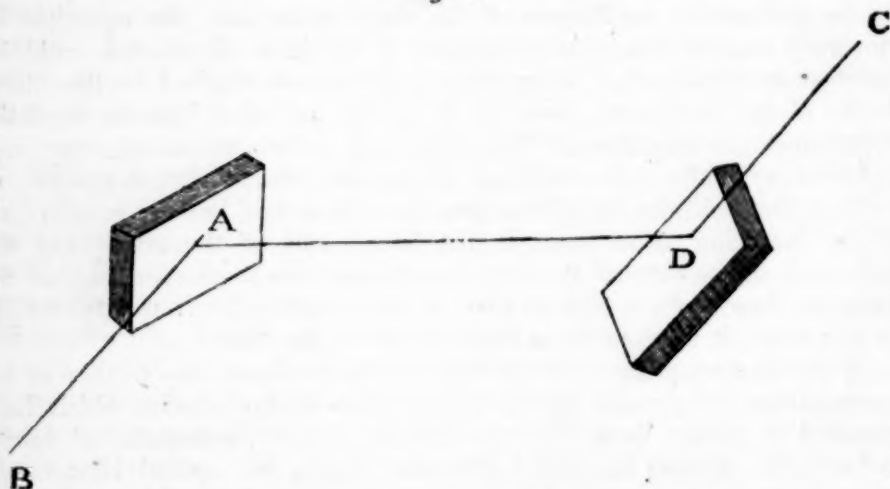
The assistance which has been thus afforded to mineralogy and crystallography, is of the most important nature, and will tend eventually to show the connexion which exists between the optical structure and the chemical composition of crystallised bodies.

In the course of his interesting experiments on light, Sir David found that many bodies received the polarising structure by compression, while

others were similarly affected by the application of heat. Hence he was led to imagine, that a satisfactory explanation could be given of the cause of the transmission of the two kinds of waves in doubly refracting crystals. He supposes that these bodies consist of two co-existent media of different densities, one of which transmits the ordinary ray, according to the law of Snellius, while the other, transmitting the extraordinary ray, gives origin to the secondary image.\* By this hypothesis it may be demonstrated, that the undulations must necessarily be of the spherical and the spheroidal form; but it appears difficult to conceive two or three extraordinary media combined in the same substance.

If we examine the rays of light after transmission through a crystal of Iceland spar, or any other doubly refracting substance, we find that they have acquired new properties, and are polarised in planes at right angles to each other. As some of our readers may not be exactly acquainted with the precise meaning of the term *polarisation of light*, it will be as well to give a familiar illustration of this most remarkable phenomenon.

Fig. 5.



Let a ray of light, B A, fall upon a plate of glass A, placed in a vertical position, at an angle of incidence of  $56^\circ$ . The ray B A will be reflected in the horizontal plane A D; and being then reflected from the glass D, so placed as to receive it at the same incidence, the ray A D, which should have been reflected in the vertical plane D C, is so weak as to be scarcely visible, and nearly the whole of the light will be found to have been transmitted through the glass D. Now, if we take A D as the axis of motion, and turn the glass D round  $90^\circ$ , we shall reflect the ray A D in a horizontal direction; and we shall find that, instead of going through the glass D as before, nearly the whole of the ray A D will be reflected. If we continue to turn the plate D round to another quadrant of the circle, the light will be again transmitted, and again reflected, when we arrive at the succeeding quarter. Thus we observe, that transmission and reflection take place alternately, and that the ray

\* Phil. Trans., 1818.



B A has acquired a new property, after reflection from the first surface, and is then said to be polarised.

Or we may take a number of slips of thin window glass, and bind them together into a solid shape. If we now let a ray of light be incident upon the surface at the same angle of  $56^\circ$ , a portion of the light will be reflected, while the remainder will be transmitted according to the usual law of refraction. Upon examining these reflected and transmitted rays, we shall find that they are both polarized, but in a remarkable relation to each other. The reflected ray will, of course, follow the same laws as the polarized ray, BA, in the last figure. But if we receive the *transmitted* ray upon a plate of glass at the angle of polarization, it will refuse to be reflected, unless the glass be turned round  $90^\circ$ , or into a plane at right angles to that plane in which the reflected ray was again reflected; or, in other words, unless the planes are at right angles to each other: one ray will always be transmitted, whilst the other is reflected, and *vice versa*.

Applying the same kind of experiments to doubly reflecting crystals, the two rays will be found polarized in planes at right angles to each other, the ordinary rays being polarized like the ray transmitted through the bundle of plates, and the extraordinary ray like the ray reflected from the surface of the same. There are various other ways of polarizing light, which it is needless to enumerate, as the effect is always similar to those now mentioned.

The history of the progress of this new and absorbing branch of science is highly interesting. Many of the facts appear to have been twice discovered by separate individuals, living in parts of the world distant from each other, and therefore unconscious of each other's plans. The experiments have been of such a delicate nature, and produced such beautiful and unthought-of results, that it is with difficulty we can refrain from devoting too much space to their elucidation.

Huygens, the philosopher, whom we have so often mentioned, was at the head of these inventions; and, in the course of his observations on Iceland crystal, detected the change produced upon the original ray of light. He calls it a "wonderful phenomenon," and was led to its discovery in the following manner: After separating a ray of solar light, by transmitting it through a piece of Iceland spar, he made the two pencils fall upon the surface of another piece of the same crystal. He was greatly surprised to observe that when the principal sections of the two pieces were parallel, neither of the two pencils were divided in passing through the second rhomb; but that the pencil which had suffered the *ordinary* refraction in passing through the first crystal, was only *refracted* in the *ordinary* manner, in passing through the second; as also the one which had been *extraordinarily* refracted in being transmitted through the first, was now *extraordinarily* refracted in passing through the second crystal. Now, as he proceeded with his investigations, he found that when the principal sections of the doubly refracting crystals cut one another at right angles, the exact contrary took place; for, the ray which had been previously the extraordinary became the ordinary, and that which had been the ordinary ray was now refracted according to the extraordinary law alone. In all other positions of the crystal, when the principal sections did not bear these relations to each other, as in these

two instances, ; each of the rays divided by the first crystal were again split into two, in passing through the second, by reason of its double refraction. So that out of the single ray of light incident on the first crystal, there were formed four pencils, usually of equal brightness ; but the sum of whose light did not appear to exceed that of the original beam.

Sir Isaac Newton, reasoning upon these data, which Huygens did not attempt to explain, concluded that every ray of light may be considered as having four sides or quarters. Two of these, opposite to each other, incline the ray to be refracted in the usual manner, as often as either of them are turned towards the surface or side of double refraction ; while the other two incline the ray to be unusually refracted, whenever either of them are turned towards the coast of unusual refraction. Thus originated his theory of fits of easy reflection and transmission which is now almost universally exploded ; but from them also arose the term *polarization*, which has been since adopted by all philosophers.

The next discovery of importance was that of M. Malus, Member of the National Institute of France, who had returned home to pass the remainder of his life in quiet, after suffering severely in Buonaparte's expedition to Egypt. He was in the course of a strict enquiry into the laws of double refraction, for the purpose of competing for the prize offered by the Institute. At that time, he resided in the Rue des Enfers, in Paris, and was speculating in his mind one afternoon on the phenomena observed by Huygens, when he happened to turn a doubly refracting prism towards the windows of the Luxembourg, which were at that moment highly illuminated by the setting sun. As he turned the prism round before his eyes, he was astonished to observe that one of the images of the windows vanished, alternately, from his sight.

He at first attributed this unexpected phenomenon to some change which, he supposed, the light had received during its oblique transit through the atmosphere. Then being unable to account for the change on this supposition, he was led to think whether the glass of the windows had not some effect upon it. To his inexpressible delight, he found that the rays of light had acquired the curious property which he observed, entirely from being reflected from the panes of glass of the windows of the Luxemburg. Thus was Malus led to the discovery of the *polarization of light by reflection*, which forms one of the most interesting epochs in the history of Optics.

This reflected ray has all the characters of an ordinary ray produced by the refraction of a crystal, whose principal section is parallel to the plane of reflection, or of an extraordinary ray formed by a crystal, whose principal section is perpendicular to the same plane. This remarkable property of polarization is produced by reflection from all solid and liquid transparent substances ; but it must be observed that each of these polarizes light at an angle from the perpendicular peculiar to themselves, being, in general, in proportion to the refractive power. Thus : glass polarizes light at an angle of incidence of about  $54^{\circ} 35'$ , and water  $52^{\circ} 45'$ .

Many other valuable and highly interesting facts were elucidated by Malus in the course of his experiments, and have been duly estimated by the few who are able to appreciate them. He was succeeded in the same branch of enquiry by M. Arago, who has given the result of some

highly interesting experiments on the influence of polarisation on the interference of two portions of light.

Hitherto we have seen, that although great progress had been made in furnishing the data of the science, scarcely any attempt had been made to devise a theory for their explanation. In a paper laid before the Institute in 1812, M. Biot endeavours to show that the phenomena of polarisation are produced by a succession of oscillations of the particles of light round their centres of gravity. These oscillations are occasioned by the action of attractive and repulsive forces, and go on to a certain depth in the crystal, after which they acquire a fixed polarisation, by which their axes are arranged in two rectangular directions. In a subsequent memoir, he proceeds to explain by this hypothesis, the rotatory polarisation exhibited by certain substances, such as oil of turpentine and rock crystal, and believes that this property of turning the particles of polarised light round their axes, resides in the ultimate particles of the solid or fluid. This theory is allowed to be ingenious, but at the same time, has received little confirmation from subsequent experience.

The labours of Sir David Brewster in this field of inquiry, have been already alluded to; but too much praise cannot be assigned to him for the splendid facts he has brought to light. The succession of his discoveries runs nearly in the following manner:—the light reflected from the clouds, the blue light of the sky, and the light of both the exterior and interior rainbows, are all polarised—the fact of the polarisation of light by transmission through bundles of crystallised and uncrystallised plates—the production of the polarising structure in glass by heat, and by rapid cooling—that all the phenomena of polarisation could be communicated to soft and indurated substances by simple pressure—the production of the complementary colours, by the successive reflection of polarised light, between two plates of gold or silver—the phenomena of right and left-handed circular polarisation—the action of crystallised surfaces upon light.

These are some of the main facts, regarding the subject of which we are now treating, which have formed the basis of all the subsequent reasoning in this country, and on the continent. Together, they form a distinct and highly attractive science, but necessarily involving abstruse calculations, carried on with mathematical problems, and algebraic notation, which would tend to disgust at first sight, rather than attract those who have not been accustomed to that style of reasoning.

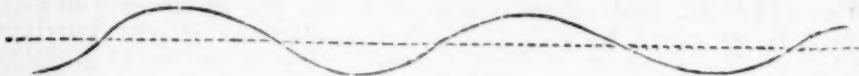
In order to explain the different phenomena by the undulatory theory, as they have successively risen, various additions and modifications of the original simple hypothesis of Huygens, have been adopted. As it would be utterly impossible in a slight paper of this kind, to enter deeply into this subject, we will try and give the reader a general notion of the present state of opinion on this abstruse argument, without following the different philosophers who have written so largely on the topic, or particularly dwelling on the beautiful results obtained by Messrs. Fresnel and Arago, when applying to the phenomena of polarisation Dr. Thomas Young's theory of the interference of light.

It may be stated, that those who now support the Huygenian doctrine, believe that the ordinary undulations of a wave of light, arise from the vibrative, or inconceivably back and forward motion of each particle of



the luminous ether, through a most minute line, which is perpendicular to, and extends on both sides of the course of the ray of light. The annexed little diagram will make this perfectly familiar, as the dotted line

Fig. 6.



represents the sensible course of the ray of light, and the curved line, the real undulatory progress. Thus far the motion is sufficient to account for reflection, single and double refraction, and colour of thin plates, but for the explanation of the phenomena of polarisation, we must imagine that each molecule in its onward progress, revolves round the sensible course of the ray in a circular manner, and thus presents its poles, or sides, to be acted on by the forces of reflection or refraction, according to the laws observed; now, in this circular motion of the ethereal molecules, it is manifest, that the motion may be either from the left to the right, or from the right to the left, and thus we have a clue to the phenomena of right and left-handed circular polarisation; and we may even account for the right and left-handed elliptic polarisation, noticed in some substances by the supposition of the molecules describing elliptic curves.

Thus almost all the beautiful phenomena which have been discovered, are capable of explanation by this ingenious and interesting theory. The process is still going on at the present time, and the day is not probably far distant, when the hypothesis will be complete, and receive the universal approbation and support of the learned. Of the phenomena which we have been considering, few can sufficiently estimate their importance, few have really devoted sufficient attention to the subject, to ascertain their value, and the many applications to which they are subservient. These new properties of light, may be considered new and important instruments of research into those regions of nature, which have as yet been considered beyond the reach of man's sagacity. After the lapse of a few years, the structure and formation of organised matter will be displayed by this means, and thus a *new light* be really thrown upon the works of the creation.

## THE GREEN ROOM.

### MR. ROOKE'S NEW OPERA OF "HENRIQUE, OR THE LOVE PILGRIM."

On Thursday Evening, 2nd May, Mr. Rooke made his second appearance as an Operatic Composer. Having been delighted with the Music of *Amilie*, we were led to expect much from *Henrique*. The libretto of both Operas is the composition of a Mr. J. T. Haynes, who proceeds more technically in his work, than skilfully. When will Managers and Musical Composers understand that good acting and worthy music, to secure permanent celebrity, should be wedded to immortal verse? Mr. Haynes's attempts at poetry are simply despicable.

The plot of an Opera should be of the simplest construction, of which perhaps *La Somnambula* is a model. Henrique's is of a most complex character, insomuch that the author himself has thought it advisable to prefix the

argument of the several acts to his book. This specimen of his composition satisfies us that he can write prose nearly as well as he writes verse. The bell-man does both better. Our Operatic Composers, literary and musical, would do well, we think, to consult the Greek Choral Dramatists for the construction of their plots. Models for the Musical Play are these immortal works, in all that regards purity of conception and simplicity of execution.

There are three main plots in the Opera *Henrique*, crossing and interlacing each other, as in Knowles's Comedies. But as the production is withdrawn it would only be slaying the slain to enter into an analysis.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE promises to do more, we think, for the true drama, than greater houses. On the 24th May, Mr. Milman's Tragedy of *Fazio* was performed for the purpose of introducing Cooper, in the character of the hero, and a Miss Maywood in that of Bianca. This lady shewed more intelligence than physical power, but she shows an instinct for high acting, seldom equalled. Mrs. Charles Gore's *King O'Neil*, or the *Irish Brigade*, is rich in humour, and well supported by the admirable talents of Mr. Power. Samuel Lover's *Happy Man* made us happy also, for the remainder of the evening. Mr. Charles Kean is engaged for twelve nights, and the Manager announces the Comedies of *The School for Scandal*, and *The Rivals*, with new scenery, dresses and decorations, in strict accordance with the manners and costume of the period in which they were written.

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## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

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OUR friend Alerist has communicated to us a piece of criticism, which will do the hearts of the Oxford Divines good. If the English Church could be translated into the Angel-Church, they might imply at once apostolical, a word identified with angelical, succession. We are reminded of Lord Gower's translation of Göthe's line :—

“They speak in *English* when they lie :”—

The original being

“Und lispeln englisch, wenn sie lügen ;”

That is,

“They speak in Angel's language when they lie.”

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## ANGELUS-ANGLUS

OR

ANGELS AND ENGLISHMEN FIRST COUSINS.

BY ALERIST.

THERE is no kingdom whose antiquities have been more sedulously investigated than England. Our learned antiquaries (heaven rest their souls !) have for ages striven with the intensest assiduity to recover and explain every vestige of the olden time. Most of these worthy and unsatiable curiosoes have likewise excelled in a sparkling euphuism of language, a spicy quaintness of style, and a prodigality of illustrations that have made them singularly entertaining to all the lovers of legendary lore.

In the history of this antiquarian literature numberless *verate questiones* have been disputed with surprising pervivacity among the critics. There has been interminable warfare on every topic that could possibly admit of contradiction from the landing of King Brute to St. George and the Dragon—from this hopeful pair to Prince Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and

and from these again to the old parchment in a battle lately *de terré* in Warwickshire.

The origin and etymology of the name of Merry England could not fail to be a dainty subject for this keen encounter of wits. The antiquarians who have discussed this question, may be divided into two classes; one comprising those who maintained or at least hinted, that the veritable etymology of England, was related to the oriental and classical title of the ministers of heaven—the other party declaring that it had nothing whatever to do with them.

The former theory was last year revived by a learned investigator of northern antiquities distinguished alike for the critical acumen which has enabled him to discover concealed truths, and the invincible perseverance by which he has established their evidences to the satisfaction of the public, and the discomfiture of those who supposed themselves interested in upholding deception.

We should have before reviewed the pamphlet in which this gentleman has proposed his theory on the subject, for it is one of the most ingenious and piquant publications that has appeared in the Antiquarian literature of recent times. It is entitled "*The Angel or English Queen, Angelorum Regina, Regina Gentium Terrarumque Angelorum. By en Gammel-sags grosserer,*" published by Parbury and Co. We think the Author has succeeded in proving his point, that Englishmen are angels, of which some had doubted. That Englishwomen are so, no one hesitates to declare, at least under the present reign.

The design of this Essay is to fix the original and native sense of the national title we bear; and to prove the etymological identity of the words *Angelus* and *Anglus*. If we can evince this it will follow that Angel-land and England, are essentially and properly synonymous, notwithstanding the numerous diversities of orthography and pronunciation.

And here at the beginning of our enquiry we protest, that it is neither idle curiosity nor national vanity which leads us to assert, that the epithet angel was in the earliest times applied to the Angli or Angles; and that it rightfully belongs to the English at this day—so far as the signification of their name is concerned. This we assert, however unangelic they may have become in customs and manners; and however much they may be inclined to smile at discovering, that the angels are *bonâ fide* their namesakes, as well as their cousin-germans.

We shall therefore pursue our etymological researches with all the dogged and obstinate patience, which is the most prominent characteristic of an English antiquary. We shall throughout appeal to hard and simple matter of fact, collected from lexicographers and historians, and meet all the arguments that can be alleged against us, without shuffling, flinching, or running away.

If we succeed in demonstrating the proposition that the Angels and the Angles or Englishmen have one and the same name and title, the latter ought to be much obliged to us for making them acquainted with their high relationship. We shall certainly respect ourselves, and other nations will respect us the more, when we have evinced beyond all contradiction to the Herald's College, this new line of consanguinity. And we trust that no Englishman will be perverse or ungenerous enough to be displeased with us for showing him how high he may look for "kith and kin."

Seriously, however, our present enquiry will lead us through some of the most interesting departments of etymology as connected with national antiquities. We shall pursue our researches in as direct and simple a manner as we can, through the mazes of antiquarian records; *non fumum ex fugore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*"

It is a matter of common notoriety, that the divine names and titles, have been in all languages applied to great and elevated characters. Thus the Hebrew word *Elohim* or *Aleim*, God, was continually applied to eminent characters, a fact alluded to in the New Testament where it is acknowledged that those were called gods, to whom God's word came. The Greek theogony and nomenclature affords numberless instances of the same thing.



We conceive the *Angelic epithets* were likewise appropriated by men and applied by way of honor and distinction. As these *Angelic epithets* form the very foundation of our argument it will be necessary to examine them with care.

The Hebrew root *lak*, to enlarge, send abroad, or spread abroad, appears to be the universal root, from which the Oriental name *lakim* or *melakim*, angels or messengers, is derived. Thus says Guichart in his "*Harmonie Etymologique des Langues*. *Lak* in all the Hebrew dialects signifies *legare*, *delegare*, "dont il est facile à former de *lak*. Et en cette façon on derive de cette racine *laaq*, *laquais* en Francois, et *laquey* en Allemand, *angelus*, *nuncius*." And thus says Parkhurst in his Hebrew Dictionary, "from *lak* we derive the latin *lego* to send as a deputy, whence the compound *delego*, and the English *legate* and *delegate*. Also French *laquais*, Spanish *lacuyo*, Danish *lackei*, and English *lackey*."

"But there is another Hebrew root sometimes applied to angels, from which the Greek *αγγελος* appears to be directly borrowed. This radical is *agel*, or *gel* which signifies sometimes nearly the same as *lak*, to enlarge or send or spread abroad, and sometimes, more distinctly, to lay open, discover or reveal. Thus, says Parkhurst, "*αγγελος*, an angel, is probably derived from the Hebrew *gel* to reveal."

On this root, Guichart observes, "*agel* or *gel* signifies properly to reveal or lay open. From this root, we derive *gula*, *galleotæ* *ζαλωται*, *galleota* in Italian, which signify diviners, revealers, augurs, and that sort of people who reveal future things. Of these, Cicero speaks in his first book on Divination. To which (says he) the interpreters of prodigies, whom in Sicily they call *galleotæ*, evidently answer. From whence also the German and English *glass*; if indeed this be not derived from *glacies*, ice."

The Greeks according to their usual method of giving all syllables as distinct enunciation as possible, pronounced *αγγελος*, *aggelos*, as *angelos*. From this, in the gradual transition of language from east to west, the Latins derived their *angelus*, and the Germans their *Angel*, *Angle*, *Engel*, or *Enghel*. This derivation of the German from the Latin, is supported by Cruciger, Wachter, Ihre, Leibnitz, Guichart, Thomassin, and all respectable etymologists.

In all these cases the leading and prominent idea connected with this word *Angelus*, seems to be that of *enlargement* and *spreading abroad*. Thus Southey has very accurately given the angel of death this title *Enlarger* in *Madoc*.

When the soul,  
Emancipated by *Death the Enlarger*, shall  
Attain the end prescribed to virtue and to love,  
The eternal newness of eternal joy.

It will be found on examination, that this radical idea of enlargement and spreading abroad, not only explains the meaning of the word *Angelus*, as signifying angels, messengers, revealers, &c., but also the several forms and inflections of the same word. In one of these inflections, it signifies an angle or corner, because every angle must enlarge and diverge from its point. The same ideal meaning governs its application to an elbow or hook, and is equally apparent in its application to a plain or level country.

Having thus far entered on the critical etymology of the word *Angelus*, it will be desirable to give a brief sketch of the history of Angels, so far as it is connected with our present enquiry: and lest our remarks should appear to want authorities, we shall freely quote them, as we proceed.

Those spirits (says Grotius), which are interposed between God (the opificer of things) and men, the Hebrews call sometimes *Elohim* or gods, sometimes angels. Thence those names were taken by Pythagoras, who took many things from the Hebrews, and whose institutions are said by Josephus to be the same as the institutes of the Essens. But those names are used with some difference. For by the name of gods he called those sublimer minds which

approached nearer to the nature of God, which he held immutable. But those spirits that are next below them, he called angels, as being those that enunciate and declare unto us the rules of holy living.

The institute and way (continues Grotius) of the ancient *angelici*, was the same with the Judaical Cabalists, who agree with the Pythagoreans and Platonists, and suppose that by the inferior angels men ought to be recommended to the superior, and so by degrees to the highest, allotting the angels several names, offices and faculties, of dispensing benefits. These, their conceits touching angels, may justly denominate their cabalistic discipline an institution of the ancient *angelici* or *angelitæ*. And therefore it is reasonable to suppose, that the old *angelici* condemned by the apostle were of their order.

"Thus (says Parkhurst) Epiphanius, treating of the more ancient Gnostics, the predecessors of the Valentinians, says, that the Greek poets and their fables gave rise to all the sects; implying, no doubt that these elder gnostics borrowed the genealogies of their angels or Æons from the old poets, such as Orpheus, Hesiod, Antiphanes, Philistion, &c., who it is certain in their theogonies or genealogies of the gods, meant to describe the parts and conditions of nature."

We quote these passages to show what a high and mighty empire the angels held in the theology of the ancient world. It is evident that their honours were by no means confined to the Jewish or Christian economy, but that they extended their name, renown and notification through all the classic nations of the Gentiles.

This extreme reverence and devotion for angels was carried so far in the early Christian Church, that it gave rise to the two notable sects of Angelics and Angelites. These, knowing of what great account angels were made by the inspired writers, honoured them with frequent addresses and eulogies, as we find was the prevailing custom with Origen and the Fathers of the three first centuries.

Some critics, however, have chosen to consider the Angelics and Angelites of antiquity, as heretics. Thus, says Mr. Bell, "we suppose the Angelics to have been the worshippers of angels, whom St. Paul refers to, when he cautions Christians against a superstitious reverence for these celestial agents of the Deity."

Of the same opinion is Parkhurst, "For Irenæus (says he) charges the Gnostics, particularly the Valentinians, with having stolen the genealogy of their Æons from the theogony of the heathens." Thus, then, the Gnostic doctrine of Æons or Angels making the world, and of the religious regard due to them, revived under other names the ancient errors of the Pagans.

Be this as it will, the Angelites maintained an amazing devotion for "St. Michael and all Angels." They regarded the Archangel St. Michael with the stronger reverence, because they supposed he was the immediate representative and agent of the divine Redeemer in his interminable war against the powers of darkness.

Now these Angelics and Angelites entertained *the theory* that we are now discussing. They supposed that such had ever been the influence and domination of Angels over the human race, that even among the Antediluvians both nations and individuals were found, who pretended to have sprung from Angels, whom they honoured as their ancestors, and consequently assumed the titles of Angels and Angelites.

"Thus" say the Jewish Rabbins, on what authority is best known to themselves, "When Moses tells us that the sons of God married the daughters of men, and giants were born unto them, we are not to understand, with the main body of divines, the Sons of Seth, or the religious people of that time, by this phrase 'the sons of God,' but we are to understand Angels or lapsed Intelligences."

This would be hardly worth noticing, had not the opinion been confirmed by the authority of the Septuagint, the book of Enoch, lately translated by Law-

rence, and several of the Fathers, whose names are cited in the Poems of Byron and Moore, which have arisen from this fanciful representation.

Now as some truth lies at the basis and foundation of all fables, we believe the truth to be this;—that in these antediluvian times, a certain body assumed to themselves the title of Sons of God, or Angels, whether out of religion, mythology, astrology, or simple vanity; and thus gave rise to the confusion of interpretation among the ancient expositors.

This conjecture is rather confirmed by the other tradition of the Rabbins, that these Sons of God, or Angels, travelled west, and occupied the isles of the Gentiles, before the flood of Noah. One of the old writers goes so far as to suppose that Britain itself was inhabited before the Flood. If this theory were but true, it would explain better than any other, Plato's beautiful story respecting the Island of Atlantis, situated beyond the Columns of Hercules, or Straits of Gibraltar, whose noble population was destroyed by some overwhelming inundation.—Vide Baer, Eurenus, Tournefort, Rudbeck, Bailly de Lisle, and other writers on the subject.

But let us with Noah pass safely over the flood, and follow his descendants on dry land. It was God's especial promise that he would *enlarge* Japheth, and that among his sons the isles of the Gentiles should be divided.

Happily, there is a general agreement among the learned, respecting the descent of the early population of Germany and Gaul and ancient Britain: all allow that the descendants of Gomer occupied this western extremity of Europe.

The sentiments of antiquarians on this matter, are so well summed up by Dr. Wells, that we shall quote his words: "I suppose it will not be unacceptable to the reader, to say a little of the Colonies, which, coming from the nation of Gomer, in process of time spread themselves further and further, and settled themselves in several parts of Europe, particularly in our island. Herodotus then, as he tells us that a people called Cimmerii formerly dwelt in the tract of Lesser Asia, so he tells us withal, that these people sent a colony to Palus Mæotis, and so gave the name Bosphorus Cimmerius to the Strait between the Euxine Sea and the Mæotic Lake.

"This Colony of the Cimmerii increasing in process of time, and so spreading themselves still, by new colonies, further westward, came along the Danube, and settled themselves in the country which from them has been called Germany. For, as to the testimony of the ancients, Diodorus Siculus, as Mr. Mede observes, affirms that the Germans had their original from the Cimmerians: indeed they themselves retain plain marks of their descent both in the name Cimbri, and also in their common name Germans.

"But from Germany the descendants of Gomer spread themselves into Gaul or France. To prove this, Camden quotes the testimony of Josephus, where he says, those called by the Greeks Galatæ, were originally called Gomerites. Appian also, in his Hlyrics, says expressly that the Celtæ or Gauls were otherwise called Cimbri.

"I have produced these testimonies in order to make it more plain, that the ancient inhabitants of this our island, the Britons, were also descendants of Gomer. For it is not to be questioned, but that this our island was first peopled from those countries of the European continent which lie next to it. Indeed to me there seems to be no need of adding any other evidence that the Britons were descended originally from Gomer, than the very name whereby their offspring, the Welsh, call themselves to this very day, to wit, Kumeri, or Cymri. And since it has been observed above, that the Germans were descendants of Gomer, particularly the Cymbri, to whom the Saxons, especially the Angles, were near neighbours; hence it follows, that our ancestors likewise, who succeeded the old Britons in our island, were descended from the same Son of Japhet, namely, Gomer."

We conceive these Angli formed one of the most ancient and powerful of all the German nations. They might have adopted this title, either from that



veneration for angels which prevailed to an incredible degree among the mythologic and astrological tribes of the West, or, because they recognised the propriety of a name, which, signifying enlargement, seemed to accord with their patriarchal blessing; a name which remarkably coincided with the bold and adventurous spirit, which induced them to extend their home, empire, and their foreign enterprizes: for the genius and temper of the Angles was ever free and unrestrainable as that of the Franks.

Be this as it will, we think it probable, that those Angles who were destined by Providence to traverse and sway the world, were as ancient and considerable as any German nation whatever. We conceive by the examination of ancient etymologies, that they had from time immemorial as large a share in peopling the isles of the Gentiles, as any of the descendants of Gomer. And we believe that traces of the presence and power of the Angles in this country may be found, which bear a much higher antiquity than those pertaining to the Anglo-Saxon conquest.

If we were inclined to indulge in conjecture, we might hint that the Angles settled themselves in the isles of Britain as early as the fabulous visitation of Brutus; that they were alluded to under that Scripture phrase, the "Isles of the Gentiles," and by classical writers were described in very poetic colouring, as the Elysian fields, happy islands, and Hesperian gardens of the western Atlantic, which have so often perplexed the criticism of our ablest scholars.

But be this as it will, and supposing such conjectures could be disproved, it does not prejudice the strength of our argument in the least degree; for this is founded on the plain, simple, undeniable fact, that Angels and Angles are one and the same word, and that they have one and the same meaning.

This fact is thus stated by Lloyd in his learned *Lexicon Geographicum*. "Auctoritas est Gregorii Pontificis, qui Anglos dixit angelicos esse; nam Engel est Angelus, et Engelsch Anglicus Teutonice. Hinc Anglum alludendo engelsce i. e. angel-like vocavit. Nam et Anglus Teutonice est *ein Engelschman*." We have the authority of Pope Gregory the Great (by the by, the best Pope that ever sat in St. Peter's chair), who says, that the Angles should be called Angels. For engel is angel, and engelsch, angelic in German. Thus alluding to England, he called it angel-land; for an Englishman, in German, is an angel-man."

Now, if as Lloyd seems here to suppose Pope Gregory knew German when he uttered his famous speech, "Non Angli sed Angeli si forent Christiani: we would not call them Angles, but Angels, if they would become Christians," the speech would possess more point and more propriety. It is certain, that Egbert understood the Pope to signify that Angli was the most honourable title his people could bear, and greatly preferable to that of Saxons. And Versteegan, in his *Restitution of decayed intelligence*, has evidently adopted the same view of the case, regarding the name of England as the *most honourable* a nation could acquire.

We leave it to the reader's judgment, whether all things considered in the foregoing view of the etymology of England, is not more noble and rational and answerable to history, than those vague conjectures which derive our name from angles and corners, and elbows and anchors, and fish hooks and fishermen, and pirates and plains, et id genus omne.

We conceive that the Angli or Angeli derived this title, in their primitive residence among the other tribes of Cimri or Gomerians, in the west of Asia, or east of Europe. They bore this name, which we believe is identical with Angeli or Angels, in the very commencement of their history, buried as it is, in the very depths of antiquity; and they left numberless traces of it in the names of places that lay along their route from east to west: long before they arrived at their last settlement in Jutland, before they passed over into Britain. We cannot, therefore, possibly agree with those who suppose that this people first received the name of Angles, when they came into Jutland, because that country happened to form an angle of land (*Angulus Terrarum*). This appears to us, a very *ex post facto* style of etymologizing.

The places that lay along the route of the Angles as they advanced from the east, very naturally borrowed the names of this powerful tribe. Such names are numerous, very numerous. Just, for example, we may mention Angleria in Italy; Engelrute, Engelburg, Ingolstadt, in Germany; Engelheim, the country of Charlemagne; Engelhartzell, a town in Upper Austria, on the Danube; Engelhausen, a town in Bohemia; Engelsburgh, a town in Austria; Engelweis, a village in Swabia; Engelstelen, a river in the Canton of Berne, Engelholm, a sea-port in Sweden, besides all the Ingles, Engels and Angles, which form so many geographical names in the West.

Now we can perfectly understand, according to the general analogy of the Gomerian or Cimmerian tribes that came originally from the East, how the Angles should have thus left their name to many places as they travelled westward; and that they did thus travel westward, is allowed by all. But we should find great difficulty in agreeing with those antiquarians, who, against the whole analogy of historical facts, reverse the order of this march of the Angles, and suppose that it was in travelling from West to East, that they gave their names and titles to so many places through the whole Continent of Europe.

The authority of Camden is, on the whole, strongly in our favour, and we shall quote him accordingly.—“The etymology of the Angli or Angles, says he, I do not presume to assign. As to Angulus son of Humble, and Queen Angela, I have nothing to do with them. Now are we to suppose the name derived from Angulus as being a corner of the world, as that well-known line pretends;—

“Rich Anglia, fruitful corner of the world.  
So self-supplied, as scarce the world to heed.”

“Anglia terra ferax, et fertilis angulus orbis,  
Insula prædives, quæ toto vix egel orbe.”

“The conjecture of Goropius, is fitter to be laughed at than credited, who derives Angli from Angle, a fishing rod or hook, because says he, they hooked in every thing to themselves, and were, as they say, ‘good anglers.’ But whoever conjectures the etymology of Engelbert, Engelhard, and such like German names, will probably likewise find the meaning of Angli. It may seem from Procopius, that the Frisones came along with them into Britain. But as the book is not extant, I shall not think my time mis-spent, to insert the Greek passage here, at large, as copied for me, from the King’s library at Paris, by that worthy and complete antiquary Francis Pithæus; of which Greek passage this is the translation;—‘The Island of Britain is inhabited by three very numerous nations, each governed by their own king. They are called Angeli Frisones, and from the island, Britons. There seems to be such a number of inhabitants that they yearly pass over from thence in large bodies, with their wives and children, to the Franks, who receive them into their waste lands. Hence they pretend a claim to the island; and not long since, when a king of the Franks sent Ambassadors to Justinian, at Constantinople, he affected to send with them some of the Angeli, as if this island was subject to him. At length, Egbert, king of the West Saxons, making himself master of these kingdoms by conquest, about the year 800, in order to unite under one name kingdoms fallen under one sovereign, and to preserve the memory of his own nation, issued an order for calling the Heptarchy, which the Saxons had held, ‘Angle-land.’ Hence, in Latin it is called Anglia, a name formed from the Angles, who were the largest and bravest of these three peoples.” So far Camden.

In Rees’ Cyclopedia, we find the following testimony. “The Angles are said to have been a tribe of the Suevi, who, in the time of Cæsar, were the greatest and bravest of all the German nations. This tribe, after various adventures and migrations settled in that part of the Cimbric Chersonesus, which

now forms the duchy of Sleswick, where some vestiges of their name still remain in the district of Anglen. The reason, it is said, why the name of Angels was preferred to that of Saxons, seems to have been because it was more *distinctive* and more *honourable*."

Such is the evidence to us convincing and irrefragable, of the identity of the names Angeli and Angli. Such is the evidence, that the Angli bore this name from time immemorial, during their earliest settlements in eastern Europe, and that they left it to many places on their route as they travelled westward.

Nor do we mean to renounce this theory, respecting the name and history of the Angles, till a full and satisfactory confutation of our arguments has been produced by antagonist antiquarians. Till then we shall take full advantage of our own position; and consider the Angles as the great medium of communication, by and through which the English derive their title to the name of Angli.

But even if we were driven out of this position, if it were proved, as we are sure it never will be, that the Angli of Germany had no claim to the angelic epithet: it would not materially shake the right of the English to this very agreeable etymology, and very many arguments are advanced in its favour, by the author of the pamphlet.

We are rather confirmed in this theory, by a very remarkable passage in Old Verstegan's restitution of decayed intelligence, respecting British antiquities, it is as follows: page 162. "The name of Saxons was by the ordinance of noble King Egbert, about the year of our Lord 800, brought under the general name of *Englishmen*, which, being a name of *such glory*, as the *derivation* sheweth it, ever may they with all increase of honour therein continue."

This idea would receive further illustration from the history of the famous English coin, called the *Angel*, which was a favourite with the English, as early as the time of Edward the Third. The antiquarians tell us it was coined in commemoration of that honourable name of angels, which Pope Gregory had applied to our English people; and it represented St. Michael, the Patron Saint of entire Britain (as St. George, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David, are of its provinces) contending with the powers of darkness, and defeating them.

This theory has fully been brought forward, and learnedly illustrated by the author of the work under review. "It was," says he, "in travelling in the north of Europe; in Germany, Holland, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, that this etymological conjecture arose in my mind. Wherever I travelled among the northern nations, I found them calling England, *Angel land*, and the English, *Angelic men*. Such a perpetual coincidence of names, must surely be something more than accidental."

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## ADDRESS TO OUR READERS ON COMPLETING OUR FIRST VOLUME.

DEARLY BELOVED,—We have now had some experience of each other, since the "New Year's Greeting" with which the first number of the *New Series* of THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE commenced under our editorship. Certain promises were there made, which we have done our best to carry out; and, in which, if we can trust



to our own consciences and the assurances we have received, we have not been altogether unsuccessful. But "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it;" so does also the happy result of things more serious, if less witty. Luckily for our well-being, and the moral character of this periodical, that the field of humour was already so well filled by two rival publications, that there would have been a manifest impropriety in our venturing as a new candidate for public favour, any more than very occasionally within its precincts. We have not done so—but have preferred rather to start with, what a high literary authority, in a letter to ourselves, styles "high hopes and high objects"—and we have proceeded in the confidence that there was and is a public for rational and ethical argument, for poetical and critical exercitation. Have we found such a public? We have! We have lost, it would seem, none of our old subscribers by the change of conduct; and we have gained many new ones. There is yet something sterling and sound in the heart of the English reader—if the writer have but the faith to trust it, to appeal to it, and to provide for it. Public taste and public opinion are *made not found*;—it is the product of authorial influence, not of popular sagacity. The man of genius creates it by his works, which are (not to speak it profanely) his angels that, by disturbing the waters, make a Bethesda of a pool. The public mind is stagnant until stirred by his ministrations. It is the poem, the picture, the statue, that awakens,—kindles principles. Man first learns that he has an eye for beauty, when first he looks on beauty. The eye, however, pre-existed, else no beauty had been seen. Let us have confidence in this pre-existent eye—as strong a practical confidence as Plato had a speculative belief in the doctrine of pre-existence itself, and which, perhaps—nay certainly—is nothing more than an abstract and theoretical statement of the rule relative to such facts as the one we have just stated. Our confidence indeed in the fact depends on the assumption of its being the type of a principle, the symbol of a law. The fact is enunciative of a truth including it. It is the segment of a circle—the fraction of a sphere. Shall a Cuvier from a single joint predicate the whole animal? Even so the moral philosopher for one instance shall judge of all, as subjects of one and the same antecedent idea.

To commence a work in the faith that we have thus commended, as well as practically tried, presumes a large series of logical assumptions already postulated and decided on by the editor or author. A corresponding boldness, or well-placed consciousness of power, is accordingly on his part implied. We need not wonder, therefore, that there are few who have the courage to take so much for granted;—neither should we advise that any thing should be taken for granted, unless first it be previously *given*. Not furtively, but honestly, works the author or editor of genius. The axioms on which he proceeds are self-evident principles, because it has been granted to him truly to see them—to see himself as such. Never comes truth to man, unaccompanied with the oracular assurance, that it is great, and will prevail. There is no power but moral

power—physical might is but its image, exists only because that pre-exists. The image may fall—may be degraded—trodden into clay, pulverised into dust—but the original, always erect, never less than divine, is seated above the heavens, imperishably entire. The right is the original might—the converse of the proposition is but the physical side of the great truth, which to be properly understood must be read upon the obverse. Every man of true genius reads the coin on its true face—understands the image and inscription—its date and value. Enlightened by wisdom, he walks in safety, and arrives at the mount of glory through the temple of honour. The path of the just man is sure, and his reward is certain.

What begins in paradox ends in truism and triteness. We have all along been discoursing of an old friend with a new face—or with a face that had grown obsolete—or rather, we have neglected to intervisit with that friend for so many years, that now we scarcely, with the alterations made by time, are able to recognise his features. Thus at first we are startled, but after a while the “old familiar” feelings return on the heart, and all is as it was—and the strange has vanished. These truths are not alien, though you may not have been accustomed to think of them lately—reflect on them, even for a short period, and from the burial places of your memory, the dead bodies will arise, the dry bones will quicken and reunite—flesh will supervene, and all, fitly knit together, live as in the days that have flown. The flight of time shall only be like that of an arrow through the air—no traces shall be left of its passage. All that shall remain of its transit shall be the remembrance and the impression, that “once it was there—and lo! now it is here!” You pick up the shaft and replacing it in your quiver, feel that you have not lost what you have only used. Let then the regained be treasure for a sacred duty; and know that we have restored some neglected truths to you, prize them for better tasks and worthier efforts, than those they were once applied to, when their value was less felt. Experience is as armour to a man—therewith he goeth to war with less peril, and with greater means of conquest. Even so, dear reader, be it with you.

In the light and under the influence of such eternal verities, we have proceeded in our task, relying on the superior minds that undertake to lead public opinion for success. We know that among those the leaven of a better taste had been slowly winning its way, and that the moment was come when “the strike” might be hoped to take place. Nor, on the whole, have we been disappointed; yet, in some few instances, we have found reason to wonder at a strange kind and degree of ignorance in the critic, that certainly is not in the general reader. It is clear to us, that some of the newspaper remarks on our version of the *SECOND Part of Faust* proceeded on the supposition of its being the first part. Now the *Second Part of Faust* has never been translated in England, but the first part has been so frequently rendered as to make the appearance of new versions almost ridiculous. We found some of our critics, however, testifying to the spirit and literal accuracy

of the translation of the **SECOND** Part in this Journal as being superior to any that they had as yet seen. We fear much that such an opinion indicates that the writer knew nothing of either part, either in the original or by translation.

We found in other instances also, that we were not only leading the *public* but the *critical* mind of the time. But it would be invidious, and in other respects not advantageous to give examples. Rather let us take heed to our own steps; and, in friendly commune with the loving reader, ask him how we have kept our pledges.

**POETRY.** The examples in this kind that we have given have met with so much approbation, that we may we think safely assume, that we have not fallen short, in this difficult path, of what in reason might have been expected. Of our translated poetry, we may boldly state, that it is of the first order. The **SECOND Part of GÖTHE'S FAUST** must now begin to dawn on the reader's mind as one of the most marvellous works ever produced—a poem containing either expressly or by allusion every thing that has entered the human intelligence. It involves nothing less than a mythos of man and his destiny. Several German commentaries lie before us, in which laudable attempts are made to develope the difficult passages. These we will sift, ourselves, on some convenient occasion. In the mean time, we must content ourselves with one. What does Göthe mean by "*the Mothers*?" Mr. Hayward tells us that he never met with any one who could tell him. One of the critics before us volunteers information on the point.

"Those characters of ancient mythology who approach nearest to *the Mothers*, are the *Parcæ* or *Fates*. But it is supposed that Göthe desired only to allegorise his opinions concerning the Transition of the Divine Idea into matter. Göthe writes concerning them to Eckermann thus—"I can not tell you any thing concerning them, but that I found it mentioned by Plutarch, that, in Greek antiquity, the Mothers are spoken of as Deities. This is all that I owe to tradition, the rest is my own invention." It is clear from Göthe's scientific explanation, that he considered the universe as a household ordered even to the smallest detail, in which nothing is lost, nothing is in vain or fortuitous; but every being is connected with another, and every form of existence is only the germ of a higher order of being, and that every thing that has ever existed is continuous, independent, and is always striving to uphold itself more perfectly.

"Göthe," the same writer continues, "represents the whole kingdom of the Becoming, of the primitive matter striving after form, and from desolation again striving after form, as under the government of certain mysterious goddesses, in the pictures of unbound space."

Connected with **THE MOTHERS**, is another fancy on the Tripod, which, "in the Grecian interpretation of fables, is an emblem of the three periods or seasons of the ancient year, when the winter (which in that happy clime is only recognizable by rains and storms) was not counted as a season. In China, the Tripod is considered



as a symbol of the mind. The dwelling of the mothers being discovered by means of a glowing tripod, is designed to represent the creative light, and the passage into Time." Such are the means then by which Faust gains access to the Mothers—the three maternal principles.

To whatever light this commentary may throw on the passage in question, the reader is welcome, until we come to still further elucidation of Göthe's works in general, and this work in particular. We think that we may claim for our critical essays on poetical productions, the merit of suggesting principles. Our decisions have generally been considered just. The papers, also, that have been inserted on foreign poets, of both past and present time, in Spain, France, and Germany, may challenge comparison with any that have yet appeared. Professor Pepoli and Mr. Oxenford, the writers of those articles, have in them well sustained their reputation.

**PHILOSOPHY.** We have admitted articles which are of a catholic tendency, though differing from the style in which we should ourselves have treated the subject. Thus our Syncretist and Cryptologist have been permitted their own fashions of argument, though for both we substitute, when treating of similar subjects, a prothetic position; assuming the One, rather than the Unity. Our mode of handling preserves the catholicity of view, without being chargeable with latitudinarianism or eclecticism—two aberrations of logic that must be avoided. In treating of the Tracts for the Times, of Prayers for the Dead, and the Fictions of Law, specimens have been given of the higher forms of reasoning.

Do we go beyond the mark, in taking credit to ourselves for our *Consecutive* articles? By the due application of editorial prudence, we have been enabled in alternate papers to complete, in one and the same volume, several arguments, both historical, scientific, and critical. We allude to those on the *Zoolus* and *Port Natal*—the *Undulatory Theory of Light*—the *writings of Milton*, and the poetry of *Novalis* and *Lamartine*. We have proceeded also regularly with two series of tales, which will be pursued to the end of the year, when a new romantic cycle shall commence. Other subjects, of which we have just indicated the beginnings, will receive completion in the ensuing volume. In this manner, we shall give an interest and conclusiveness to our labours, a point in which periodical literature is, for the most part, egregiously deficient. Trusting that these efforts will be met by the public with approbation, we confide in its justice, that we shall not be suffered to proceed without our reward. We therefore boldly solicit patronage, both for the present and the future.

**POLITICS.** It is not needed to repeat the principles on which we proposed to conduct this section of our plan. We trust, that we have filled it up without partizanship, and that our registry has been more practical than theoretical. We now take up the subject where it was left in the last number.

SIR ROBERT PEEL having determined to take the sense of the House on the motion for Mr. Speaker's leaving the chair, on the ministerial bill for suspending the constitution of Jamaica, on Fri-

day (the 3rd of May,) and the debate therefore being adjourned to the Monday following (the 6th,) when the majority in favour of the measure was but five (ayes 284, noes 289)—the resignation of the ministers became inevitable. The Duke of Wellington was accordingly sent for by Her Majesty, who, on his advice, intrusted Sir Robert Peel with the formation of a new administration. From the Melbourne Cabinet, it appears that Her Majesty parted with great regret, and even went to the extreme of making an effort to retain them in office, by restricting Sir Robert from interfering with the Ladies of Her household, as "contrary to usage, and repugnant to her feelings." The expectant Premier, under these circumstances, at once, in his letter, resigned; and the affairs of the country, for a while, rest again on the feeble shoulders of Lord Melbourne and his Colleagues. This state of things is very anomalous, and indicates the present uncertainty of mere party and political movements, which are now liable to continual disturbance, from the intervention of personal motives, feelings and prepossessions. But the best illustrations of the principles involved, are to be found in the actual statements made by the parties concerned. Sir Robert Peel, according to his own statement, was ready to undertake the government of the country, notwithstanding the alarming condition of public affairs. The state of India, the state of Jamaica, the state of Canada, require immediate consideration, and some the instant application of legislative measures. The internal state of this country also—Insurrection in the provinces, the Queen's Proclamation, and the Letter of Lord John Russell to the Electors of Stroud, inviting the respectable part of the population, in many parts of the country, to take up arms, devolved more than ordinary duties on the new premier. Sir Robert Peel nevertheless intended to conduct, if possible, public affairs through the intervention of the present parliament; and this notwithstanding the inconvenience of having to commence office with a minority of five, and that minority including ten gentlemen on whose general support he could not calculate. But the chief difficulty is—Ireland. On that question Sir Robert Peel would have been in a minority of at least twenty. The chief members of the Irish government whose policy was approved of, were the Marquis of Normanby and Lord Morpeth. The two chief offices in her Majesty's household are filled by the sister of Lord Morpeth and the wife of the Marquis of Normanby. Such is Sir Robert Peel's case, and it is the political aspect of the question.

That the Queen did not yield to these merely political considerations, comes again in support of our proposition, that the political is apparently in abeyance, and the human dominant. That Lord John Russell had full consciousness of this sentiment, we do not believe, but the considerations stated by him are not the less on that account illustrative of the principle suggested by ourself. Admitting Sir Robert Peel's political difficulties, Lord John contended, that the baronet instead of gaining strength against them, by imposing a condition which was repugnant to her Majesty, would have thereby increased his weakness. "If her Majesty," said his lordship, "had granted the change against her will—if she had con-

sented to the removal of the objectionable ladies, it would have been impossible for Sir Robert to have insisted, that the ladies imposed upon her should have been received by her Majesty with that grace and favour which had been shown to those who had been dismissed against her will." Now this, we are bold to say, is a dilemma from which there is no escape. In either alternative, the personal character—the simply human—in the Sovereign, would have been the sole point of reliance.

But it does not therefore follow, as Lord John supposed, that Sir Robert Peel's better policy would have been to withdraw at once the repugnant condition; for the individual to be depended upon might have stood firm in the one case as in the other, and, indeed, the condition was a test of the *degree* of confidence to be expected! It is not a question between man and woman, but between sovereign and subject. The whig ministry may have treated, as Lord John seems to recommend his successor, the Queen as a child, but a conservative ministry must assume her competence for her office. That, in his lordship's estimation, her Majesty is of a high and generous spirit, and would have felt the generosity which dictated concession, is a favourable accident. But what then! would the nobleman's sister and the marquess's wife have waited to be turned out? Would they have so much been lacking in generosity, as to put their royal mistress to that unpleasant necessity? No generosity has been wanting on the part of her Majesty, that is clear;—but has it not been wanting in other quarters? Had Sir Robert Peel conceded, would those ladies have resigned?

To return again to the *humanities* of the argument. We are by Lord John Russell reminded—and it behoves the country and the leaders of all parties in it, to recollect constantly, that the Queen is "a Sovereign of no mature age, who was very young when she came to the throne, and of a sex which calls for the peculiar exercise of generosity; but that neither the sex of her Majesty prevents her from being wanting in courage, nor the age of her Majesty prevents her from having a just discrimination and a sound understanding." It is so. Our's is a limited monarchy; and notwithstanding the irresponsibility of the Sovereign, we are yet subject to the influences that flow from the personal character and conduct of the Monarch. The country is now thrown upon *that*. Her Majesty has for the first time assumed authority. It is a serious crisis both for the Crown and the country. Not a head—not a heart—but should think—but should feel—concerning this great, this important day of transition

"Big with the fate of Britain and the Queen."

*The dawn is overcast, the morning lours*—the first gleams of which were so bright and welcome. Nor is the sudden dimness of any politician's raising, nor by the spells of any such can it be banished from the prospect. Man, we repeat, is working. Working? But what is all human working, but being worked? It is He only who works, who has worked hitherto, and who has said that, in the latter days, "the Sun shall be darkened, and the Moon shall not



give her light, and the Stars shall fall from Heaven, and the Powers of the Heaven shall be shaken." Already, according to the testimony of the Oxford Divines, the Spirit of God has departed from the Church; at any rate, that neither priest nor people have any certainty of his presence; that nothing but an *historical* chain of a disputable succession remains as evidence of its authority. Even while we write, news is brought that the barricades are again in the streets of Paris; and that in every quarter of England the Chartists are rising. Both here and in France blood has flowed. The cause of insurrection has been baptised—its votary is red—a cause, according to the opposing views of adverse parties, either sacred or accursed, but none indifferent! "Watch ye, therefore! for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch!"

We write as philosophers also, therefore with imperturbable impartiality; esteeming all parties as *moral forces*, the operation of which it is the point of wisdom to ascertain. Nor let it be supposed, that the democratic power is, in these days, a mere brute power; and composed of a union of ignorant men. We have taken some pains to ascertain the fact, and can declare, on our conscience, that it is guided by intelligence, and is not to be resisted by physical means. By the God of heaven! the Chartist is a man; and the words he uses are facts—or more—that is, truths! That man, indeed, is wronged, who is in a condition to be compelled to call another man, master! "Call no man master!"—that is the Christian principle. But it is a principle for a pure estate of the Church—and for the world, when it shall, if so destined, have become a Church. But we doubt this destiny—we doubt the possibility of perfect Christism on the earth. The principles point to another state; and are given to man as evidences of it. Always over-informed and inspired with such ideas, he is discontented with his temporal condition, however good; if evil, he has still greater reason for his discontent; and the law of his constitution is, that the better his temporal estate shall become, the more evil it shall appear; for the perception of a greater good in any way leads to future anticipations that make the present still meaner in contrast; and thus it is that the appetite for human welfare grows by what it feeds on.

We have just received evidence that there is strong *genius* at work also among the elements of disaffection. An unpublished book in blank verse, with lyrical interpositions, without author's name or envelope has only this morning been left at our domicile. Incorrectly and meanly printed, yet the manner of its transmission and other signs about it, made us look into it at once. We plainly saw that our admiration of Milton had not a little to do with the transmission to us of the volume. Perhaps, because of his head on our cover, it might have been conceived that we held republican sentiments; which is an error. The grounds for our belief consist in the title and dedication of the book which are as follow.

"Ernest, or Political Regeneration, in Twelve Books, London ;  
Printed for the Author, by R. Gadsden, Upper St. Martin's  
Lane, M.DCCC.XXXIX.

Damit das gute wirke wachse, fromme,  
Damit der tag des edlen endlich komme.

To the Memory of Milton, the Poet, the Divine, and the Republican, this work,  
written in the light of his Glorious Countenance is dedicated."

Rough as sometimes is the versification of this poem, it is always energetic, genial and truthful ; erring only in the supposition that the regeneration sought is compatible with temporary conditions. We mention it, to point the attention of ministers and legislators to the fact that the Chartist demonstrations are not unconnected with the noblest feelings and the brightest talents. Let these be revered, whatever else is done. It may also be instructive to know the searching views that are taken. Such men as the writers of this poem are no grovelling politicians, we quote the following in the way of caution : -

" Now then away  
With saws of ancient use ; bury the dead,  
And let the quick go forth : give heed no more  
To blear-eyed custom, that would fain pluck back  
Our forwardness to suit his cripple pace ;  
Make level every fence of privilege,  
And boil our cankered constitution up  
To fervency and fulness of young blood !  
In the fierce cauldron of Democracy ;  
But hold ! lest thou shouldst say, so high a sound  
Betokens nought but hollowness ; look, then,  
And see the substance. First, 'tis need we lay  
The basis of our work both wide and deep ;  
Marry, as wide as our land's utmost width,  
As low, and all as liberal, as is  
The common throng that do inhabit it :  
For how should revolution have its end  
If that the commons have not their free-will,  
Who first set it astir ?—No, till such time  
'Tis but an errant revolution, still  
To whirl without all stay ; trust me, 'twas so  
They missed their aim, the philosophic fools  
Who stamped erewhile their character on France,  
Marring a precious metal ; there, as here,  
Would'st have the people take their stedfast stand,  
Give them the soil : given but once, no fear  
Lest old prescription wrest it back from them,  
Or frame another fraud, having no ground  
But only the thin air to build upon.  
But they, the dolts, wise but in words alone,  
Set for a bolt, a feather in their string,  
And shot their chance away ; the commons came  
To that loud call, and conquered ere they came.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

But mark me this,  
Such tardy, due, and right retribution,  
Cleaves only to the soil, the commonwealth  
That nature gave in largess to all men ;

It touches nought beside : for so to spoil  
 Industry of the wages it hath earned,  
 Giving creation form, and so well nigh  
 Passing creation's self, and being indeed  
 Another maker, second only to Him  
 Who first made all of nothing,—such a spoil  
 Were a sin, no less than is their selfishness  
 Who would usurp the earth ; no, but let right  
 Be done even to those who challenge it  
 Against the example of their proper enemy ;  
 And so let every man who hath gained aught  
 Of cattle, stores, gold, or mechanic gear,  
 Thus winning to the commonwealth what else  
 Would ne'er have been, or being had no use ;  
 So let him keep it still, freely to have,  
 And give as free. So toil shall bid us speed,  
 And think no ill, and so the artificer  
 Shall ply his daily labour, well content  
 Not to possess, but to enjoy the land  
 In its full fruit, disfettered and earth-free,  
*Buying two loaves of the honest husbandman*  
*For the imperious landlord's price of one ;*  
 So making that same plenty, once as strange  
 As an angelic vision upon earth,  
 To be his housemate, and familiar,  
 Homely as the goodwife that sweeps his hearth ;  
 Nor craving aught beside. This were a feat  
 Indeed, not to trim here and there a bough,  
*But strike at the root of all ;* what seems to the eye  
 Of doubt most hard, is easiest to the hand  
 Of stubborn strong determination,  
 For safety dwells not in the shallow sands,  
 But in the very deepest ocean,—depth  
 Where fools do fancy danger !

Such sentiments let the politician ponder, that he may act advisedly. The superior orders have hitherto maintained themselves by superior intelligence. But this is no longer possible. All classes of men are *rising* to the same level. The religious sentiments of the work before us, and of the late demonstrations, are deserving of the profoundest consideration. Literature, too, is a general accomplishment. The democratic cause is no longer divorced from either piety or knowledge. We must look to this. Nor should we forget that the influence exerted by literature must, in all cases, be in favour of morals against manners. We mean, that where the conventional has substituted the morality of which it was originally the exponent, there the Man of Letters, the Poet, the Dramatist, the Romancist, the Critic, is called upon to prophesy against the stagnant surface, so that society may be put into healthful motion again. Any system which would reduce the whole moral law to something merely conventional, must be evil. It is given to literature to assert the claims of soul over body ; of spirit over matter. Wo ! to its professors, if they neglect their duty.



## SONNETS

BY H. L. MANSEL, ESQ.

## I.

WE live twin lives together ; that without  
 Made up alternate of the chilling fear,  
 The short-lived joy, the unavailing tear,  
 The sand-erected hope, the needless doubt ;—  
 And that within, all glorious, where doth shout  
 Our own Creation, hailing us. All here  
 As grateful for their being, are sincere  
 To work our hests. Cast then thine eyes about,  
 And choose thy station. Prince or potentate,  
 Prelate or peasant be ; the choice is thine,  
 And what thou wilt thou art. We must abate  
 Our wills i' th' outward world ; men countermine  
 Each other's longings. Where thou dost create,  
 There only in thy service all combine.

## II.

Seek'st thou Arcadian joys ? Thy flocks and herds  
 Graze by thee, winged thoughts, and they are fed  
 From thine inspired breathings. Or instead  
 Wouldst roam where solitude her sweets affords  
 To groves, the lover's haunt ? Thy vocal birds  
 Are on the boughs before thee. Hark ! they shed  
 Their music round. Or shall great nations dread  
 Their sovereign, thee ? Obedient to thy words  
 Stand thy obsequious ministers. Wouldst lay  
 Piled treasures in thy chest ? At thy command  
 Blaze thy heaped ingots. Changing, they obey  
 Thy shapings, swifter than enchanter's wand  
 Of fairy legend, which in childhood's day  
 We heard, undoubting of that powerful hand.

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